

LIFE

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

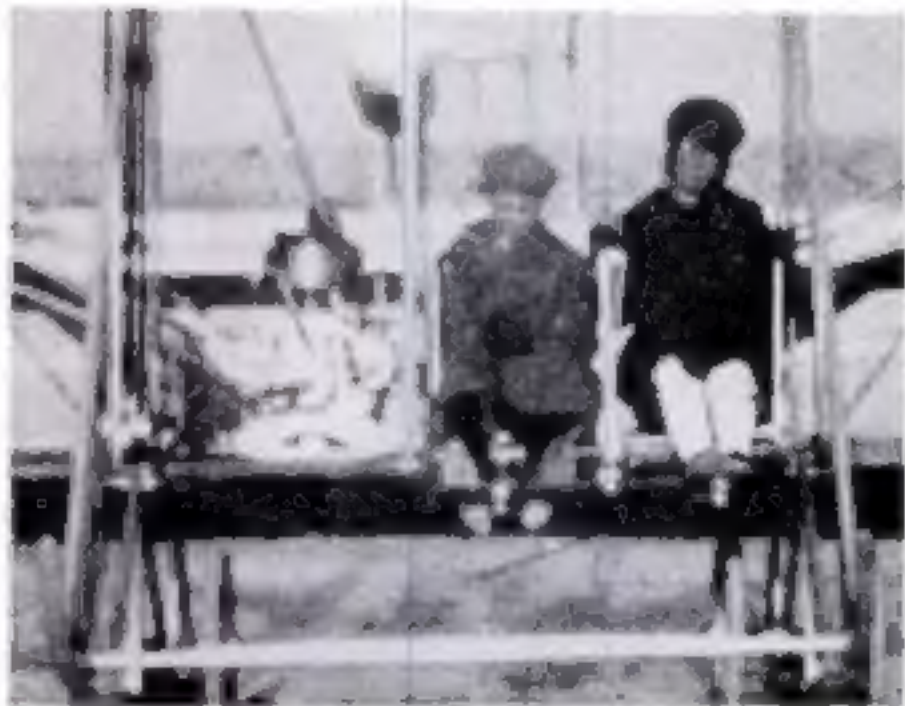
WRIGHTS' FIRST FLIGHT

Sirs:

"The Day That Man First Flew" (LIFE, Dec. 7) recalled a day in 1915 at Seabreeze, Fla. Ruth Law was flying her "airplane" off the beach. I was 14 and after some wheedling got my parents to let me make a flight. As I took my place on the wing (below, left), my mother said, "He can't go unless he's fastened to something." Miss Law's husband secured me to a wing strut with his trouser belt. On the take-off I waved at some people. Quick as a flash Miss Law's hand struck mine downward. She pointed to a wire over her head. It was her means of cutting the ignition and I had come close to doing it for her. Miss Law's machine flew very well but perhaps could not bank like later ones—the turns were flat and they scared me.

JOHN B. GOLDSBOROUGH

Ossining, N.Y.



Sirs:

My only criticism is your fleeting description of Miss Broadwick's having parachuted from a balloon at 15. In the summer of 1911 or 1912 the Broadwicks were the feature attraction at an amusement park in Portland, Ore. I was the local juvenile aviation authority (I was 8) because I was allowed to help retrieve the balloon.

Miss Broadwick's was no leisurely drop from a drifting gas bag. Instead she was propelled skyward suspended from a bag of superheated air whose initial rate of climb was terrific. When it slowed as the air cooled at about 3,000 feet, her problem was to cut loose. Once free, there was the hazard of the falling balloon which upended, spilled out black smoke and then fell like the proverbial brick. In my opinion Miss Broadwick at that time had spent more time in the air under the most difficult of conditions than any other living American.

ARTHUR E. JENKS
Chief

Flight Inspection Division
Civil Aeronautics Administration
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Glenn Martin is not "the only one of the first great aircraft manufacturers still living" who had the guts to fly. Igor Sikorsky, also an early pilot of great skill, is alive and in my opinion a far more world-renowned aircraft designer than Martin could ever hope to be. It is a shame Sikorsky was not even mentioned. . . .

FRANK T. COFFYN

Palo Alto, Calif.

● For reasons of space LIFE was forced to leave out of its article many celebrated early flyers, including Mr. Coffyn, and to confine the group to American pilots. Igor Sikorsky began flying in Russia.—ED.

PAN-AMERICAN ROAD RACE

Sirs:

I was quite pleased to find space devoted to the Pan-American road race ("Racers Challenge Death in Mexico," LIFE, Dec. 7). But there were actually four races being run, and your article rather misleads readers into thinking only the Lincolns and Lancias won. Porschea came in one-two in the small sports car category, and a Chevrolet won the small stock car race. . . .

IRVIN M. HOFF

Fairborn, Ohio

Sirs:

I was most distressed to read a statement attributed to me which in fact I never made: "I'm not out for glory, I'm out for money." What I actually said when a reporter talked to me at the end of the race was that I was happy to have won for Lancia, but that I was personally depressed because of the death of Felice Bonetto, a teammate and a good friend. Of course I understand this event is most difficult to cover, and then too one must consider the language barriers. But I would appreciate your correcting this error.

JUAN FANGIO

New York, N.Y.

● Mr. Fangio is one of Argentina's wealthiest men, whose main interest is the sport of racing. The statement was printed from a wire service report.—ED.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

As a lawyer having some familiarity with and respect for our basic Anglo-American legal tradition of justice for weak and strong alike under law, I must disagree with your apparent conclusion about Lieut. Radulovich's vindication ("No One Need Stand Silent," LIFE, Dec. 7) that all is well with us so long as an accused man "can get a fair hearing if he will stand up and fight." . . . What about the humble, the timid, the cowed and the inarticulate who stand mute in fear, who lack courage or resourcefulness in finding an effective sounding board (press, radio, television)?

You show unintentional acquiescence in the early development of just such a condition of affairs when you express consolation in the Radulovich outcome as proving that in this country a man can still get a fair hearing (and presumably a just verdict) if he will only fight and if he is lucky enough to get his hands on the weapons which frighten the hounds of demagogic inquisition so they slink back toward the shadows. . . .

JOSHUA S. JAMES

Raleigh, N.C.

● LIFE most emphatically does not condone any abridgment of the Bill of Rights. But it does affirm the moral of the Radulovich case: that courage will always enlist the strong conscience which still works on the side of justice in the U.S.—ED.

AUDREY HEPBURN

Sirs:

Your political bias is often heavy-handed, your views on world problems are disarmingly naive, yet in judging personalities you are without peer. Your photographic essay on "Audrey Hepburn, Many-sided Charmer" (LIFE, Dec. 7) solves the riddle of this charming sphinx. Thanks for the nine wonderful pages and the cover.

ALAN KERR

Toledo, Ohio

Sirs:

As a mother, a Sunday-school teacher and a club president I am writing an indignant protest about this almost indecent cover picture ("Miss Hepburn at Home," LIFE, Dec. 7). When you can print such fine things as "The World We Live In," why spoil it? . . .

Mrs. HUGH W. MCKINLEY
President

Friday Conversational Club
Monongahela, Pa.

Sirs:

Well, well! What happened? Phone ring while Audrey was in the tub?

HAROLD A. CRUMBINE

Cheshire, Conn.

Sirs:

We wish to congratulate you on your excellent cover, a vast improvement over the silly-looking fish on the previous week's cover. This does much to lighten the burden of oppressed students.

LARRY DUCA

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Can you possibly arrange to photograph Miss Hepburn drinking a glass of fizzy seltzer water? I'd like to see what happens when she squinches those big, elfish eyes.

GEORGE LEBOFF

Baltimore, Md.

● Herewith a close-up (right) of Miss Hepburn squinching on the telephone without the aid of seltzer water.—ED.



EDUCATIONAL TV

Sirs:

The member organizations of this committee appreciated "TV and Teachers Team Up" (LIFE, Dec. 7). While it is true educational television, with two stations on the air, has "243 channels still to go," 28 construction permits have been granted such universities as Wisconsin, North Carolina, Ohio State, Michigan and Illinois, where stations are now being constructed, while Michigan State College's outlet will hit the air on Jan. 15. Not far behind will be community-based stations in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston and Chicago.

RALPH STEETLE
Executive Director

Joint Committee on Educational Television
Washington, D.C.

QUEEN'S TOUR

Sirs:

No mere "Jamaican official," the goateed gentleman in the tall topper in the lower left picture on page 40 ("Tall Toppers on Royal Way," LIFE, Dec. 7) is J. E. Clare McFarlane, poet laureate of Jamaica whose greeting in verse, "All Things Await Thee!" welcomed Elizabeth to the colony.

TERENCE HUNGER

New York, N.Y.

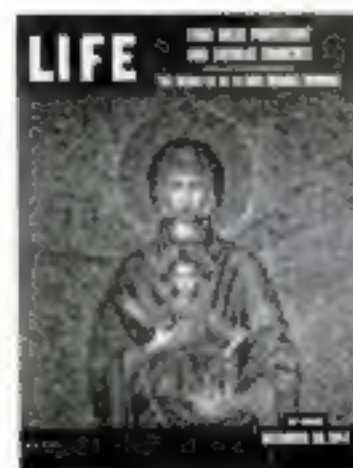
● Wrote Poet Laureate McFarlane (in part):
*This the appointed Day, and this the Hour,
We greet thee, Sovereign Lady; where awake
Resounding salvos that our mountains shake,
Thou comest, resplendent from the seat of
power. . . .* —ED.

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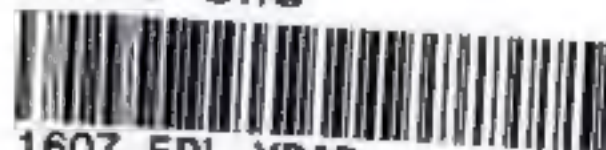
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December 28, 1953

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MADONNA AND CHILD AT ST. MARK'S, RUGG TRAILER CHRISTMAS, MRS. HOWE PRAYING FOR HER SON

A HOLIDAY SEASON'S MANY IMAGES

Christmas is the most special holiday of all and of course one of the reasons it's so special is that it evokes in most of us a sort of emotional mélange—religious sentiment, nostalgia, seasonal cheer, family spirit, memories of Christmases past. Each year we give up some of our regular departments to bring our readers a Christmas issue that will be in keeping with everybody's feelings. Thus for nostalgic adults and today's children we have W. W. Denslow's almost forgotten illustrations for L. Frank Baum's 1900 classic, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (pp. 52-59). And the former Marchioness of Bath takes the reader on a sumptuous and ghost-ridden tour of an English country seat (pp. 61-69).

Naturally the pervading note of Christmas is a religious one and on pages 28 through 43 is Dmitri Kessel's magnificent color portfolio on great Catholic and Protestant churches. As for the evocation of family spirit, of which the Madonna and Child (see cover) is the sacred symbol, there is also the warming

saga of the Rugg family (pp. 18-25) who prove that Christmas is Christmas, even in a trailer. For seasonal gaiety and glitter we have a story on Broadway's newest hit musical, *Almanac* (pp. 72, 73), and photographs of the busy social whirl in Washington, D.C. (pp. 76-80).

These are images which might be evoked by the Dickens ghosts of Christmas Past and Christmas Present. For the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, however, we must substitute the Ghost of Christmas That Might Have Been. The Holy Land might have exemplified the Peace on Earth of which the angels sang, but instead it is our sad duty to report (pp. 4-9) that it is full of strife, and that things between the Arabs and the Israelis may get worse. Mrs. Portia Howe, a sorely tried mother from Minnesota, might have spent Christmas with her son, a PW who has embraced Communism. Despite her prayers (p. 11) she will probably spend Christmas Day (and many days beyond) without him.

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LIFE

Vol. 35, No. 26

Dec. 28, 1953



The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem marks the place,

BARBED

No pilgrims travel today the road from Jerusalem (*background*) to Bethlehem. Israeli-Arab boundary is a few feet away; the wire keeps travelers from approaching it.



now almost inaccessible, where Christ was born



Arab Legion sightseers visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

WIRE ON THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

When the first states arose in the Holy Land they were the work of warrior kings—Saul, and David with his sling, and Joshua with his terrible trumpets. And as the centuries passed, one great warrior followed another across the stony hills: Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Titus, Saladin, Richard I, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Mohammed Ali, Allenby. War and the shadow of war have been as common in the Holy Land as air and earth.

On the 1,953rd birthday of the man who was called the

Prince of Peace—and who died by violence—Arab and Jew, glowering across the Jordan-Israel border, stand on the brink of battle. They can—and do—murder each other in the flicker of an eye and any single incident could provoke a full-scale war.

Here is a picture of the Holy Land as it is at Christmas. One man blames another for its sad state, but none, whether Arab or Jew—or, indeed, Christian—can judge lest he be judged.



At the village of Eyal, which means "force," Israeli children are taken for walk

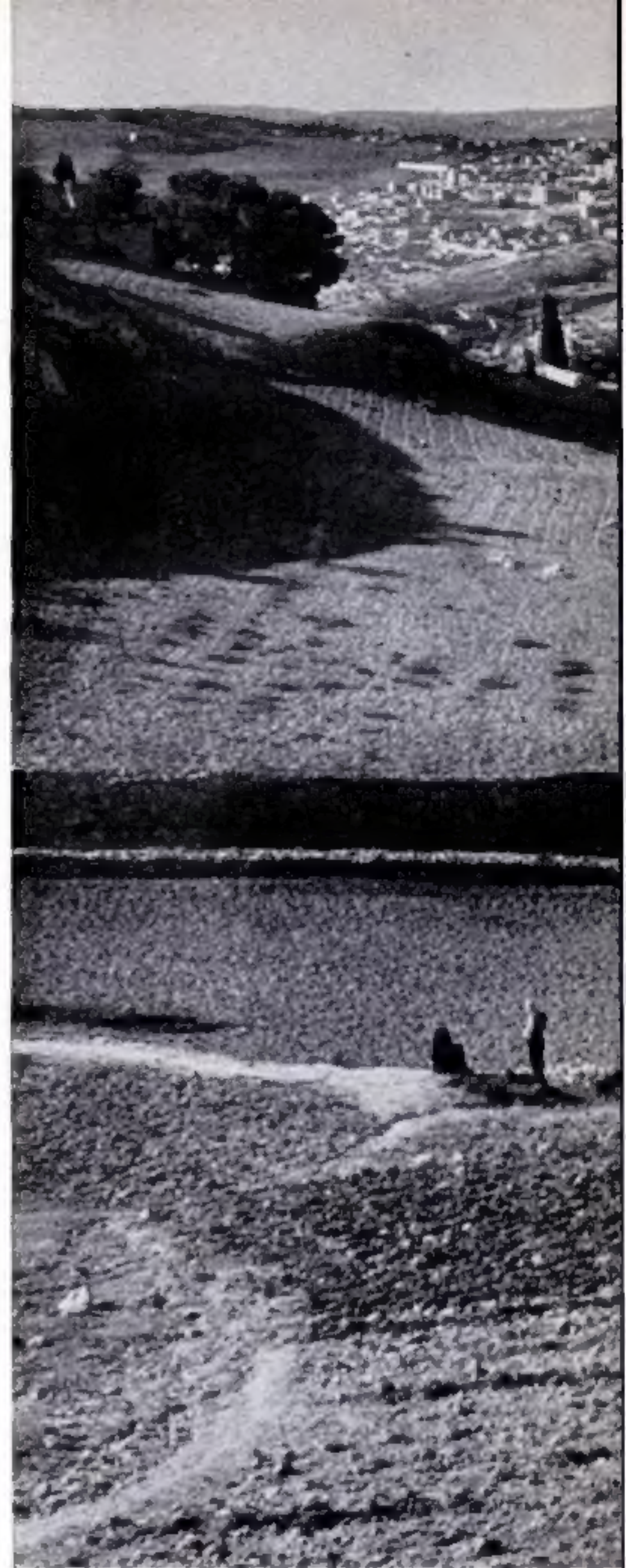
FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The long view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives shows the walled city much as it must have looked centuries ago. The short view, of sandbags and barbed wire, illustrates how the inventive genius of man can decorate a landscape. It is the short view, in the figurative sense, that causes the Holy Land's trouble. In 1949, when truce halted the Arab-Israeli war, the U.N. divided the Holy Land arbitrarily between Jew and Arab. After incredible persecutions and centuries of wandering, it seemed right that the Jews should have a national home. But after the boundary line was drawn more than 800,000 displaced Arabs, who lost their houses and their lands, found themselves in refugee camps where they remain today. To advise such men to take a long view of the situation is hopeless, just as it is hopeless to tell a graduate of Dachau or Buchenwald that he cannot have a home—yet. The short view has always been the curse of man. Whether a man reads the Old Testament or the Koran or the New Testament, he knows that he should lift up his eyes. Here and now one can understand the sadness of the prophet Isaiah who cried 2,700 years ago, "Lord, how long?"



Sandbags protect the wooden barracks that house all 20 of the children of Eyal

Some of these Arab refugee girls have spent their entire lives behind the fence



Jerusalem the Golden dozes in the sun on its hilltop. At left is lower slope of Mount of Olives; at right of many-domed church in middle distance is Garden of Gethsemane.





Dark-domed mosque in right background marks a spot sacred both to Jews, who believe Solomon's Temple stood there, and to Arabs, who believe Mohammed flew from there to heaven.



An Arab farmer and his son work the terrible land of the Judaeen hills. Much of the region left to the Arabs after division is as bad as this or worse.



An armed Jewish horseman patrols pipeline that carries water to his community's fields. Arabs have already cut it four times.



Jews inspect an Arab-planted grove (*above*) awarded to them by U.N. Border is marked by pylon. Below: an Arab widow gesticulates toward the men she feels have usurped her ancestral land.





←Two Israelis chat through a grille in a window in a border village. Grille is designed to prevent Arabs from tossing in grenades.

The end of hate is violent death which leaves women here Jews but at other times Arabs weeping at the grave.

ALL MEN SHARE IT, CHRISTIANS SHOULD PRACTICE IT WITH CONFIDENCE AND CARE

Many a sermon this month has deplored the kidnaping of Christmas. It has been stolen in broad daylight from the churches by the stores, from private joy by public revelry and commerce. To ransom Christmas, wash its face and nurse it back to its rightful significance in the church calendar is of course a task for Christians alone. Their faith, and only theirs, can make Christmas a religious holiday again. And by faith we mean not special altar cloths, nor seasonal feeling of community brotherhood, but a nearly incredulous gratitude and amazement that God could so love this world that He sent us His only begotten Son.

But perhaps Christians have more urgent things to do than purify anniversaries, even this one. Christian truth will not stand or fall by the calendar; during some of history's most Christian centuries Christmas was not observed at all. There is no special grace in a mere revulsion from the noisy secularism of an American Christmas. To censor the sales, songs and parties would deprive us of a public holiday without necessarily heightening private devotion. In this public sense Christmas has perhaps been kidnaped beyond recovery. So instead of regretting the supposed loss to Christianity let us consider what meaning Christmas may contribute to Christendom, the celebrating world.

Sacred feasts are common to all great religions. This is a fitting occasion then for remembering, not only what we ourselves believe about life, death and the universe, but also what religion means in the life of mankind. The great religions, however at odds, are all cousins to each other. Their differences are testimony to the partial and imperfect correspondence between all human ways of knowing and the Truth all need and seek. But one sentiment is common to all religions, and indeed to serious men of every age and culture: piety, that attitude of dutiful reverence to familiar aspects of the unknown.

Piety is not much thought about these days—even people who are seriously involved in the critical rebirth pangs of religion seem more concerned with creeds and good works. The times are perhaps inauspicious; an age of rapidly changing technology keeps jumbling and jarring the symbolic environment piety needs. For instance, even if a more refined sentiment be our reward, it is simply harder to summon piety in a crematorium than by a grave. Piety indeed has its own comings and goings through history, not always in step with ritual and faith. One of its most eloquent friends was a philosopher who died outside any church, the philosopher George Santayana.

Santayana defines piety as "man's reverent attachment to the sources of his being and the steady of his life by that attachment." It expresses not the soul's ultimate aspirations, but its need for a home and a background, its "domestic impulse." Its first due objects are therefore father and mother, whether or not with the assistance of the Confucian code, the Fifth Commandment or Renaissance paintings of the Holy Family. Filial piety does not require one to think one's father the wisest or one's children the cleverest ever born; there is more honor in knowing exactly who they are. Simply because "natural beings have natural obligations," the family is a natural grouping at Christmas as at any sacred feast.

Piety next attaches to our wider sources of being. The Greeks found deities in places dear or significant to them; modern Western piety attaches to the nation. We Americans rightly revere our Constitution, our Founding Fathers and passages in our history that afford glimpses of unusual

human heroism or clarity, such as the Gettysburg Address. But to revere these blindly and without discernment will soon involve us in troubles akin to superstition.

Recently the school board of Rutherford, N.J., concerned like many communities with the proper role of religion in public education, permitted the Gideons to give a New Testament to any school child whose parent specifically requested it. One may call this experiment a pious effort by an American community to defend the place of religion in its life. But it ran afoul of another piety, that of honorable judges who revere the "wall of separation" which they think our Constitution erects between religion and the State. The supreme court of New Jersey permanently enjoined the Gideons from giving Bibles to school children. Whether this is good law is not quite the point, though New Jersey's most distinguished constitutional lawyer, Professor Corwin of Princeton, has in the past denounced similar court interferences as "a judicially fabricated juggernaut labeled freedom of speech and religion." But the opposed pieties in the case can surely be resolved against the court. An informed and proportionate reverence for American institutions will see that religious faith was the prior source of all American liberties and will feel that most of our Founding Fathers, who knew that only a virtuous people can be free, would have been shocked at this legal degradation of their doctrine. Decisions like this (from which the Supreme Court has recently been retreating) hamper the natural piety of Americans. They express not true piety but legal fetishism, like worshiping one's mother's old lace.

Thus piety needs care and discernment in choosing its proper objects, as well as a devout heart; and never more so than when it moves to still wider areas than the nation, such as the cosmos or mankind. What is it, for example, that flaws and aborts the piety we should all like to feel toward the United Nations? Perhaps we sense an inflation in its claims on us, like that in Comte's phony "religion of mankind," which is no more a religion than Esperanto is a language; true religion must be as natural as speech. Mankind, meaning all the people alive today, is a dubious object of piety at best. "Piety to mankind must be three-fourths pity," says Santayana. "To worship mankind as it is would be to deprive it of what alone makes it akin to the divine—its aspirations." But here piety borders a higher realm, and needs guidance from the larger concerns of religion: charity and the clues faith gives us to the destiny of the human spirit.

Not mankind, but men's virtues are the due object of natural piety; not nature, but its awesome frame; not history, but the great moral themes it illustrates. When piety mistakes its object, what miseries and follies it can produce! A century of devout Marxism, devout scientism, devout globalism has culminated in a generation of blood and hate. Piety has "the eminently sane function of calling thought home" to its human and natural origins, to the few but blessed certainties of life.

The German Social Democratic party, which has recently been revising all its old Marxist tenets, has changed its position on religion from "patronizing indifference" to "respect." An almost pious act! Is Christendom beginning to abandon false idols and find again the attachments that will steady its life? If so, this Christmas is a time for general and public rejoicing, even as each of us sanctifies the feast in his own way by remembering what we revere and believe.



PFC TENNESON

JOURNEY OF FAITH FOR A SON WHO DENIES IT

In Tokyo one day last week a Minnesota farm wife went down on her knees with missionary friends to pray for guidance in as heart-rending a pilgrimage as any mother ever made. Six thousand miles from home Mrs. Portia Howe was still 700 short of her goal: to see her son Pfc. Richard Tennessee, a Red PW, and talk him out of his decision to become a Communist. Now she was balked by

the inhuman necessities of international politics. Lest the Reds should turn her pilgrimage into a propaganda circus, the Army refused to let her go on to Korea where her son is held with 21 other American prisoners who refuse to come home. Taking this heartbreaking rebuff with the unshakable dignity of her faith, Mrs. Howe prayed. "O Lord, continue to go

with me and guide each step. O Lord, make my presence felt with Richard and those other boys in Panmunjom." Then she sat down and wrote to the 20-year-old boy. His answer was callously brutal: "I know you want to take me home . . . but I am not going . . . you had better go over to G.H.Q. and take a loyalty oath. . . ."

Mrs. Howe, who had spent \$1,800 of Richard's Army savings for her journey from Alden, Minn., as an "investment" in his salvation, was dismayed but unbroken. Deeply troubled, she turned to her Bible: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." She felt she had somehow failed him but, with a faith as great as her burden, she stayed on in Tokyo, hoping he would change his mind.



PORTIA HOWE



THIS IS NATO: Delegation chiefs (seated in chairs) are: Plevin, France; van Zeevan, Belgium; Pearson, Canada; Hansen, Denmark; Secretary General Ismay and Chairman Bidault of NATO; Goldmundson, Iceland; Pella, Italy; Stet-

son, Greece; Bowen, Netherlands; Lange, Norway; Costa Lette, Portugal; Bee, Luxembourg; Kordana, Turkey; Johnston, United Kingdom; and Dulles, U.S. With Dulles are, from left: Humphrey, Wilson, Stassen, Hughes.

14 COUNTRIES SEEKING PEACE

NATO poses for its photograph

In Paris last week the North Atlantic Council, governing body of NATO, gathered in the prefabricated annex to the Palais de Chaillot to review progress. Most of the 14 member nations who are committed to NATO in the belief that mutual defense by free nations is the surest way to peace, were represented by their foreign ministers, frequently supported by defense ministers and finance ministers.

Before these leaders Secretary of State John

Foster Dulles laid a solemn declaration: America anxiously and urgently wants to see France and Germany, Europe's ancient foes, merged into a common European defense community. If that does not happen soon, he warned, the U.S. must reappraise its foreign policies. From Defense Secretary Wilson came news more heartening to countries that have felt themselves distrusted by the U.S.: the U.S. was considering a wider sharing of atomic secrets.



ANY WAY YOU SERVE IT...
They'll Love It!

1. DELICIOUS AS A SOUP

Ready in 4 minutes... so quick, so easy

2. TOPS AS A POUR-ON SAUCE

Use as it comes from can, season to taste

3. GRAND AS A COOKING INGREDIENT

New flavor and color for your favorite recipes

You can really *taste* the luscious sun-ripened tomatoes in this great soup... smoothly puréed and blended with fine table butter, gentle seasonings... all according to Campbell's matchless recipe. There's no flavor like it, anywhere. Try it *today*.



TOMATO LEMON SAUCE FOR FISH

Blend 2 tablespoons lemon juice with 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup (just as it comes from the can). Heat and pour sauce over broiled, baked or fried fish steaks or fillets. Garnish with additional lemon and parsley if desired.



BRIGHT LIMA CASSEROLE

Fry 4 slices bacon until crisp. Remove from pan. Brown 1 large onion (finely chopped) in bacon drippings. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup (just as it comes from the can), 4 cups cooked and drained lima beans (dried or green) and the crisp bacon pieces.

Pour into a 1½-quart casserole. Sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 30 minutes or until crumbs are browned. 6 servings.

Campbell's
TOMATO SOUP



VANILLA



Six wonderful reasons why more people eat Jell-O

CHOCOLATE





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Puddings and Pie Fillings than any other kind.



BUTTERSCOTCH



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JELLO
PUDDING
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SALE!

Cannon Percale Sheets!

Save on Fitted Sheets! Flat Sheets! In White! Colors!
Get the sheets more women buy than any other—but hurry!
Cannon Percales go fast during January sales!



Colored Sheets! Pick your luxurious Cannon Percales from seven flattering fashion-colors. All colorfast, as approved by the American Institute of Laundering. Would you like Aquamarine shown above, or one of the other Cannon colors on the chart below?

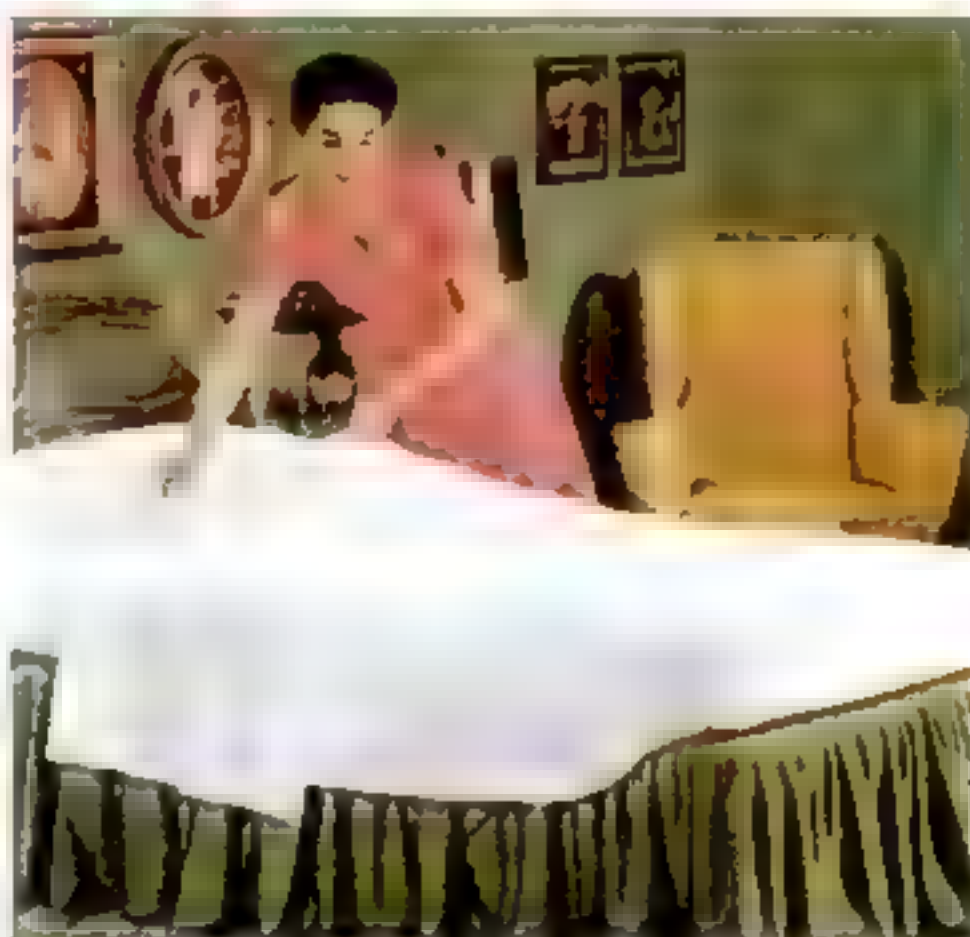


White Sheets! What a bargain these gleaming white Cannon Percales are. For these petal-smooth sheets are Cannon *Combspun* for years of wear. The cotton is combed till only the longest, strongest fibers remain. Yet they cost only pennies more than heavy-duty muslin sheets. (Scalloping on sheets and pillowcases, slightly higher.)



Fitted Bottom Sheets—White! This time-saver sheet with four fitted corners fits better, wears longer. For only Cannon reinforces the entire sheet edge with bias binding. Another Cannon exclusive is frequent size labeling for quick identification.

Fitted Top Sheets—White! Slip on the two fitted corners of this sheet, pull at top and you're finished! Plenty of toe room at bottom . . . ample turn-over at top. **IF YOU ROTATE SHEETS:** use *two* extra-long Cannon Fitted Top Sheets, one for bottom, one for top.

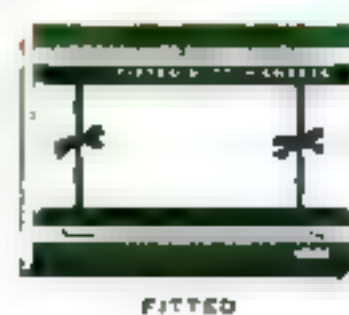


Fitted Bottom Sheets—Colored! Four fitted corners keep this sheet smooth and wrinkle-free. No tucking! No re-tucking! And Cannon Fitted Bottom Sheets come in the same lovely colors as all your beloved Cannon Percales, yet they don't cost a penny more.



Fitted Top Sheets—Colored! These wonderful, new Cannon Fitted Top Sheets come in Cannon's wide range of 7 colors, too. Stock up on Cannon's newest wonder sheet, plus all the other sale-priced Cannon Percales. At your favorite store now.

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**Combspun*
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Sheets**



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LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Russians have Beria and will try him, charitable Americans find out how they sometimes get fleeced

Charity racketeers fleeced the U.S. public of \$120 million out of \$4 billion this year, a New York State legislative committee was told. The hearings revealed some of the folkways of professional fund raisers who kept up to 82% of their take. The Disabled American Veterans sent miniature auto tags and ball-point pens to people who did not request them and used the names of President Eisenhower and General Omar Bradley in mailed fund-raising pleas without their permission. They collected \$21,480,000 in three years, spending \$14,529,000 or 68% to collect it, and gave not a penny directly to a disabled man. The National Kids' Day Foundation used Bing Crosby's name, although he denies having given his permission, to raise \$3,978,000, using only \$302,000 in its announced aim of promoting a "National Kids' Day." The National Cancer Hospital, which has no building, collected \$630,000 and spent \$435,000 doing it, sending out crisp, new dollar bills to a "sucker list" and asking recipients to return them with more to save "the life of 5-year-old Johnny Jones around the corner." Legitimate charity groups pleaded for laws to protect the public against the fakers.



HIGH-RIDING SANTA COMES TO TOWN

Santa Claus paraded into Jenkintown, Pa., in a crow's nest (above). As he tossed candy and toys down to a mob of kids, he swung himself around with hydraulic controls in the basket—which ordinarily serves as a platform for the employees of a tree-surgery company, where this Santa works.

Six of Russia's top mountaineers perished in an unsuccessful attempt last year to beat the British to the top of Mount Everest, a Swedish Alpinist reported. The Soviet team of 32 assaulted the world's highest mountain in November 1952, six months before the successful British ascent, from the northern or Tibetan side, apparently reached to between 23,000 and 27,000 feet on the 29,002-foot peak before winter storms overtook them.

Watch ticks away in Edna

Thirteen-year-old Edna Stewart was lying in bed at Children's Hospital in Akron, Ohio with her arm over her head. She reached up to take off her watch, which fell into her mouth and she swallowed it. While doctors took X-rays, nurses followed the watch's progress (below) by listening to it tick inside Edna.



NURSE LISTENS TO EDNA'S TIMEPIECE

Soviets throw book at Beria

Any doubt as to whether Lavrenti Beria had escaped Russia was resolved. Moscow Radio announced that Beria, Number 2 Kremlin man until his arrest last summer, has confessed to "state crimes" including a plot to restore capitalism to Russia. Six "co-conspirators," all formerly of the secret police, also confessed and will be tried with Beria in what should be the most spectacular Soviet trial since the great purge trials of 1936-38. One defendant is Vsevolod Merkulov, whose name on the list was the first announcement he had been removed as Minister of State Control. Beria's "crimes" ranged from political murders to the present Russian agricultural crisis. To get the confessions required five months under the technique perfected by Beria when he was chief of Soviet secret police.

Meanwhile a musical revolt was stirred up in Russia by Aram Khachaturian, one of the U.S.S.R.'s leading composers, who wrote the U.S. juke box favorite of 1948, *Sabre Dance*. Denouncing recent Russian music, he said it sounded as if written "with a glance over the shoulder." Khachaturian should know, having been forced in 1948 to confess publicly his musical sins. "A creative problem," said Khachaturian now, "cannot be solved by bureaucratic means." His article was in line with the turn-away from the cultural concepts of Stalin.

Carl Hall and Bonnie Heady, killers of Bobby Greenlease, were executed in a gas chamber in Jefferson City, Mo.

Queen solves Tonga crisis

The people of Tonga in the South Pacific's Friendly Islands were distressed to learn that Queen Elizabeth's visit was to be on Sunday.

As missionary-taught Methodists they could not hold their planned feast of 1,500 suckling pigs on the Sabbath. They have a special feeling for queens, since they possess the only other one in the Commonwealth—6-foot, 3-inch Queen Salote who became the toast of Britain during Elizabeth's coronation. The Tonga parliament prepared to pass a law providing that Sunday would be Saturday or Monday during the visit, but then Elizabeth heard of the crisis and in a queenly gesture juggled her schedule to arrive Saturday.

In Nashville, Tenn., 2-year-old Danny Stanley climbed into a safe in his family's apartment and pulled the door shut, locking himself in with a lever that prevented operation of the combination lock from the outside. While firemen unplugged an air vent in the safe, Danny's mother and grandmother promised him a tricycle if Danny would only "turn the little knob." "I don't want to," sobbed Danny. After an hour and a half locksmiths drilled the door open and found Danny wide-eyed and perched on a shelf.

Plymouth's fireproof whale

At Plymouth, Mass., a 10-ton dead whale, 40 feet long and highly aromatic, drifted ashore. Not their problem, said Plymouth police—whale wasn't disturbing the peace. Not theirs, said fire department—no fire. Not theirs, said Coast Guard—no menace to navigation. Theirs all right, said health department but the law stated refuse deposited on a beach must be carted off by owner—he was in Florida. Finally, to oblige a nose-grasping citizenry, the firemen piled old tires on the carcass, doused it with 200 gallons of kerosene, touched blowtorches. The tires burned, adding to the smell. But the whale didn't burn. Some 1,400 more gallons were poured on. Still the whale didn't burn. The whale squad poured on more kerosene, firemen chopped frantically at the whale with axes trying to bring the whale oil to the surface so it would burn, the smell got worse and the whale's tongue was out spitefully.



KEROSENE BURNS BUT NOT WHALE



FIRST LOOK at trailer for the Ruggs did not come when they saw it from the window of their old home.



FIRST TEST of trailer occurred when Dianne and Terry tried out their beds at a party for neighbors.

EN ROUTE across Wyoming, Magic Carpet is followed by a small trailer with baggage.

THE CARPET THAT WAS NOT TOO MAGIC

But the Ruggs, from New England, survive trailer trip and troubles

Like so many other Americans who have the wanderlust, Fred Rugg, a trucking executive of Stoneham, Mass., decided to set out for the milder climate of California. But like so many other Americans, he also was a home-lover. He resolved this contradiction by going West in a home on wheels, a deluxe 46-foot trailer that he named the Magic Carpet. Big enough even for the two parent Ruggs and their nine children, the trailer included three bedrooms, bath,

kitchenette, deep freezer and television set, plus an extra bed in which the hospitable family could and often did—bunk two guests.

It took the Ruggs a month to reach California. Riding into Los Angeles in June 1952, after a 4,376-mile trek through 20 states, 19 flat tires and a tornado, they ran out of money and into troubles. Police ruled their oversized trailer too long to use the roads. The family failed at operating a cafe. Mr. Rugg hunted in vain for work. 2-year-old



IN FRONT OF OLD HOME,





THE RUGGS SHOW FRIENDS THEIR BIG NEW TRAILER

to find happy Christmas in West

Brynn broke a leg, and the Ruggs lost their old home in Stoneham for back taxes.

But the courageous Ruggs kept their spirits high. Mr. Rugg, now 41, finally found a good job with a local trucking firm and won a promotion. Three other Ruggs got jobs. The family recently sold the Magic Carpet and moved into a conventional house. And as they settled into a happy Christmas in their new home there were more Ruggs than before, the newest a 3-month-old daughter named Sandra.



READY TO LEAVE, Ruggs assemble in Stoneham; in foreground, Doña; behind, counterclock-

wise from left, Bob (holding Brynn), June, Fred Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Rugg, Terry, Dianna, Linda, Melvin.





STOPPING FOR THE NIGHT IN RAWLINS, WYO., THE RUGG FAMILY GATHERS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THEIR TRAILER TO SING WHILE BOB PLAYS THE GUITAR



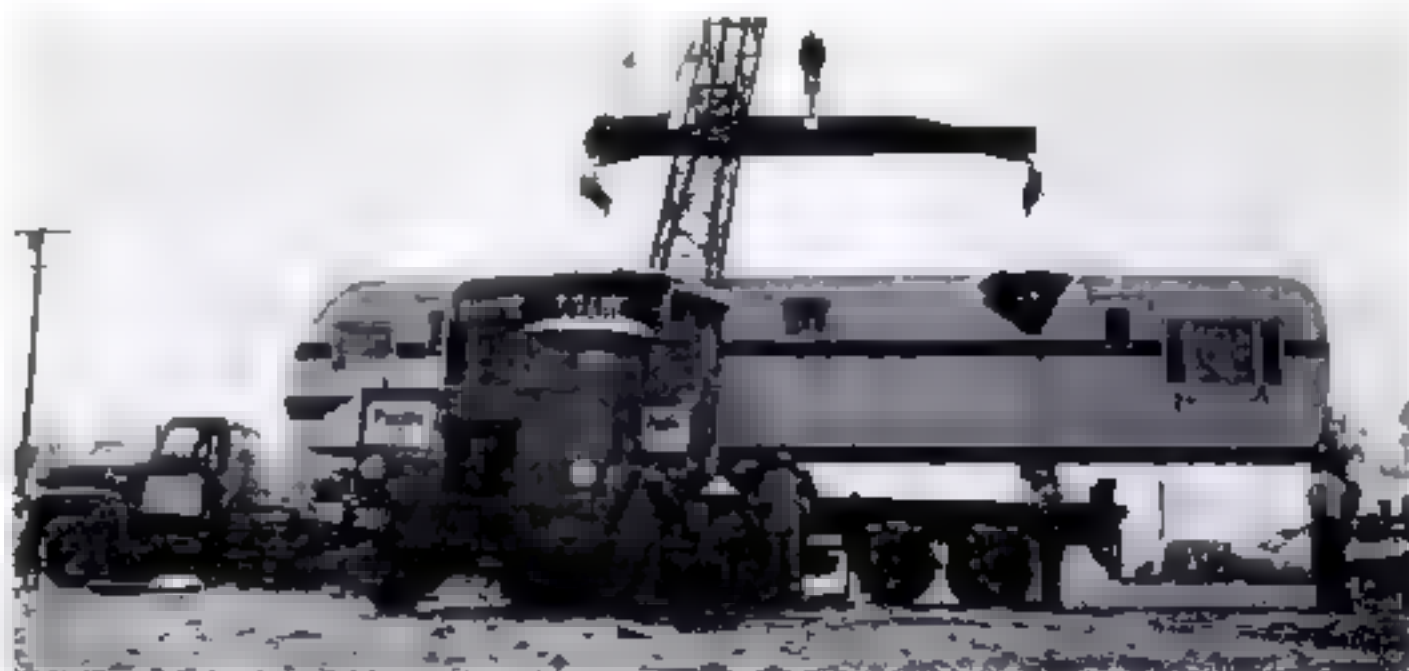
BAD ACCIDENT troubled Fred and Anne Rugg soon after arrival in California when Brynn, aged 2, fell from an upper bunk in the trailer and broke his leg.



BUSINESS WORRIES beset Ruggs in 1952 when they opened a cafe in Los Angeles, with Mrs. Rugg as cook. They abandoned venture after three months.



DEFECTIVE TRAILER, which served as an auxiliary carrier for the Ruggs' baggage, was abandoned near Los Angeles after it had broken down several times.



OVERSIZED TRAILER, bigger than California laws allowed on road, had to be carried by truck when the Ruggs moved temporarily to nearby Santa Maria.



During the holidays when it's "one for the road," *be sure it's coffee!*

Yes, you can say that again! That's a good New Year's resolution to put into effect right now.

Everyone knows that driving is dangerous enough both on the open road and in city traffic . . . and especially so on holidays.

So be safe and sensible during the holidays. When a genial friend says, "Come on, pal, have one for the road," be sure you say, "MAKE MINE COFFEE!"

For coffee gives you a clearer head and clearer eyes for driving. Coffee makes you more alert for quicker reactions. Coffee doesn't let you down.

Yes, coffee is a drink that makes any road a safer road home.

BE CAREFUL: THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN.



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Now.. Millions of Americans Don't Suffer when Acid Indigestion Strikes

...because They Always Carry This Wonderful Relief



WHO'D KNOW THIS MOTHER SUFFERED
ACID INDIGESTION ONLY MINUTES AGO

TUMS *for the Tummy*



One minute spent reading this message
may bring you years of happiness

It's a pity when *anyone* suffers the pain or discomfort of acid indigestion. Because it's unnecessary today. Gas, heartburn, sour stomach, full feeling due to excess acid—are quickly, almost instantly, relieved when you neutralize excess stomach acids with wonderful little TUMS.

TUMS is a remarkably tasty and harmless little tablet... that you eat like candy... whenever you feel the first signs of acid indigestion. In fact, millions of people often take TUMS after eating or drinking or smoking on an empty stomach.

Many people have abandoned the haphazard, excessive use of baking soda or "bicarb"... And TUMS do not contain soda of any kind.

Yes, many sensible Americans—senators, businessmen, professional men, housewives, laborers—people in all walks of life—depend on TUMS to keep them free from the pain or discomfort of excess stomach acid... And... without any fear of laxative action to worry them when they're out in public. And no spoons, measuring, mixing or "excusing yourself for a minute."

TUMS is the best and handiest little friend American tummies have ever had. TUMS cost only a dime for a whole roll. And you couldn't buy safer, quicker, more wonderful relief for a ten dollar bill.

People all
over the Nation
carry Tums as
faithfully as
they carry
their keys!



CHEERFUL RUGGS made merry last Christmas in Santa Maria, Calif., where Mr. Rugg found a job, by decorating a tree and placing Santa on the trailer roof.

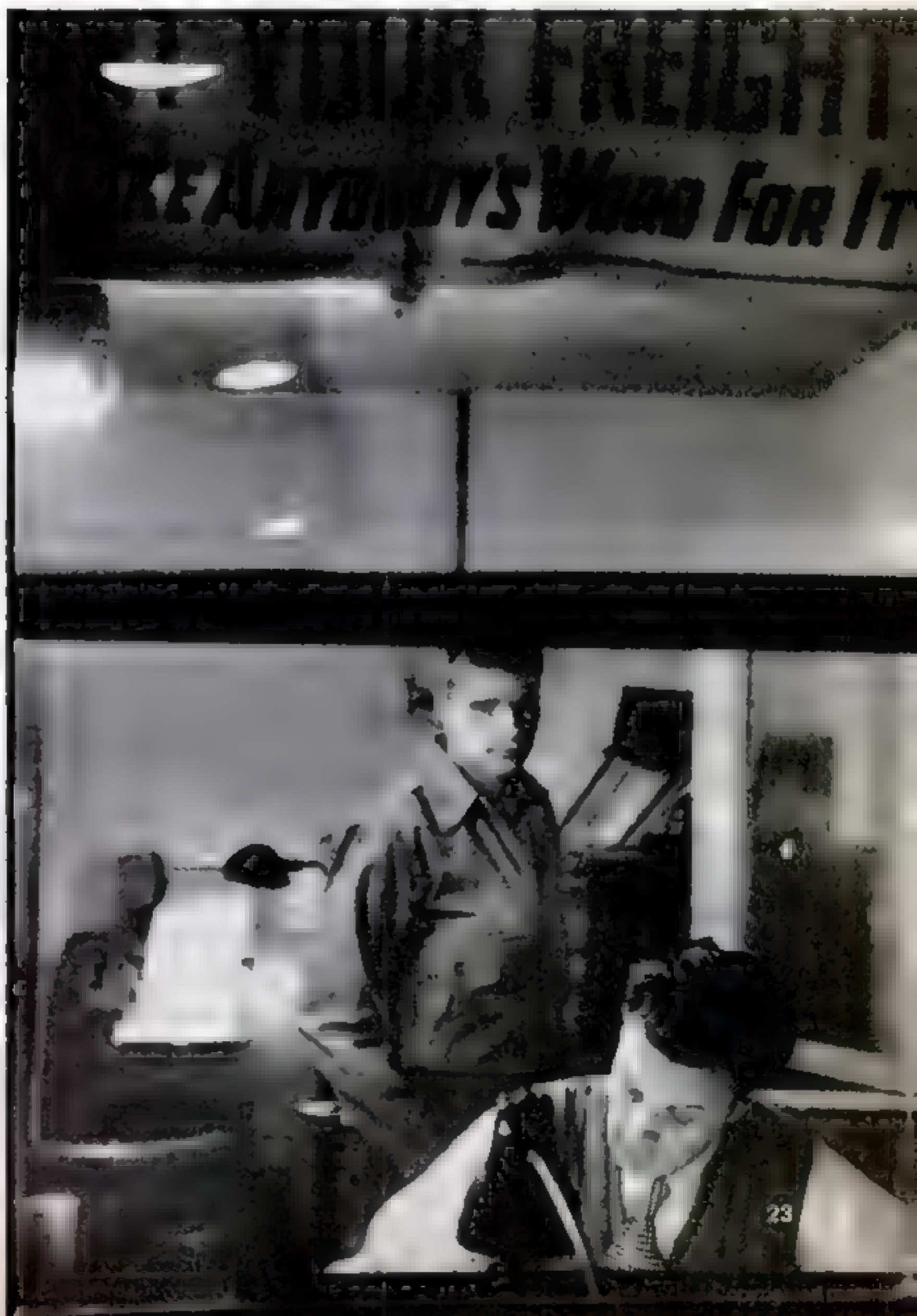


TEARFUL RUGGS bade goodbye last January to 14-year-old Fred Jr., a Marine Corps volunteer, when Marine sergeant came in truck to take him off for duty.



JOB FOR MOTHER keeps Mrs. Rugg busy from 7 to 11 p.m. sorting checks at Bank of America. Daughter Jane, home from work at 5, takes over household.

FATHER'S JOB as the manager of a trucking company's Los Angeles terminal → Ruggs put together with son Bob, who comes in after school to work as clerk.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

**check
dry
scalp!**



A dry, oil-starved scalp can lead to hard-to-manage hair, unsightly loose dandruff!



You can't check a lack of oil in your scalp with alcohol. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains *no* alcohol or any other scalp drying, "mystery" ingredients. It supplements the *natural* oils in your scalp to check dry scalp . . . relieve loose dandruff . . . keep your hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. And 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is economical too—just a few drops a day is all you need. Try it soon.

**Keep hair
naturally
well-groomed**

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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HAPPY ENDING to Ruggs and his trek comes as they celebrate Christmas with a play, mostly written by Mel Ruggs, titled *The Orphan's First Christmas*.

Ruggs CONTINUED



NEW RUGG is brown-haired, brown-eyed Sandra, who was born October 1 in a Los Angeles hospital

← **NEW HOME** for Ruggs is 10-room house in Los Angeles. They find it more comfortable than trailer



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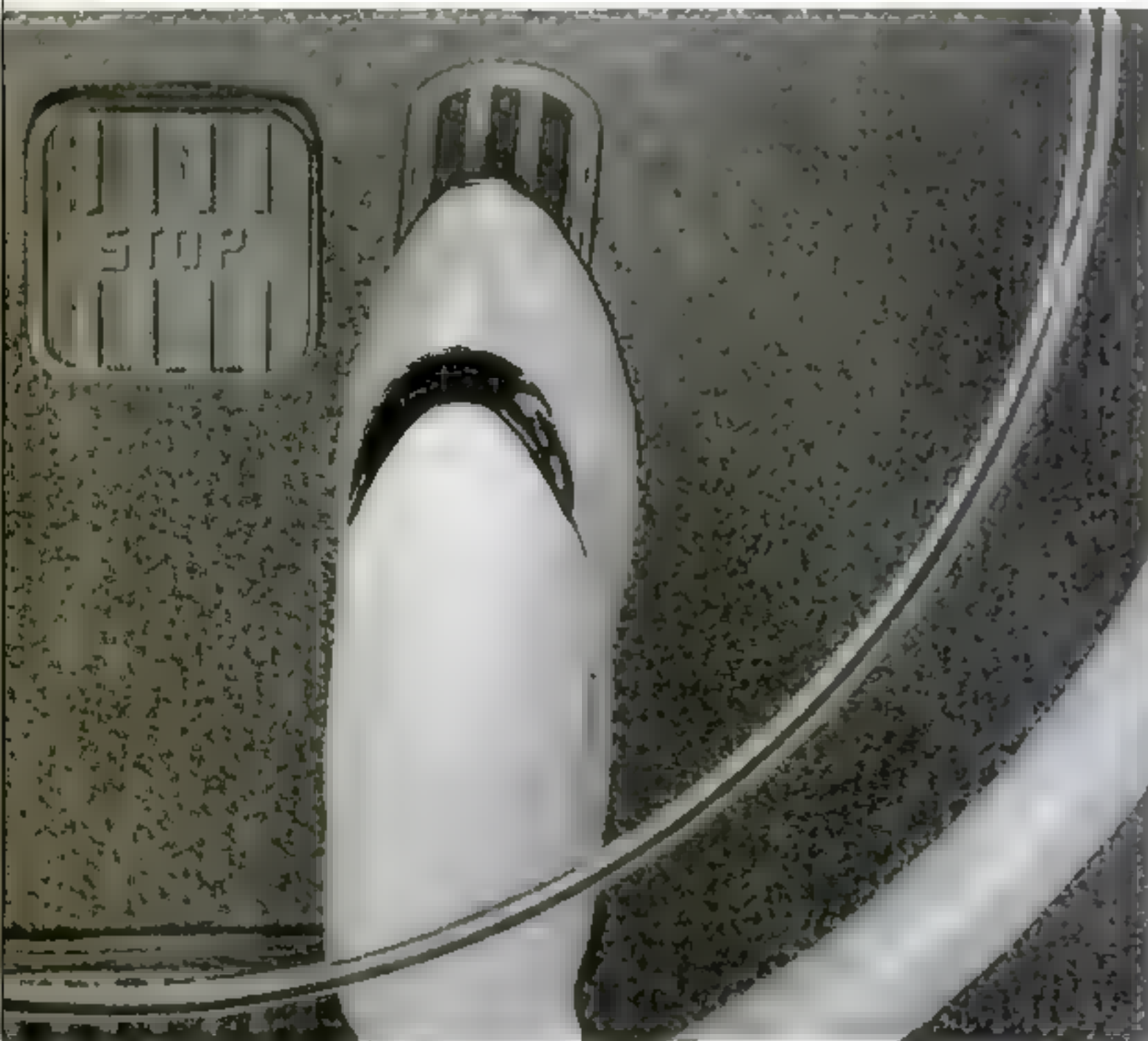
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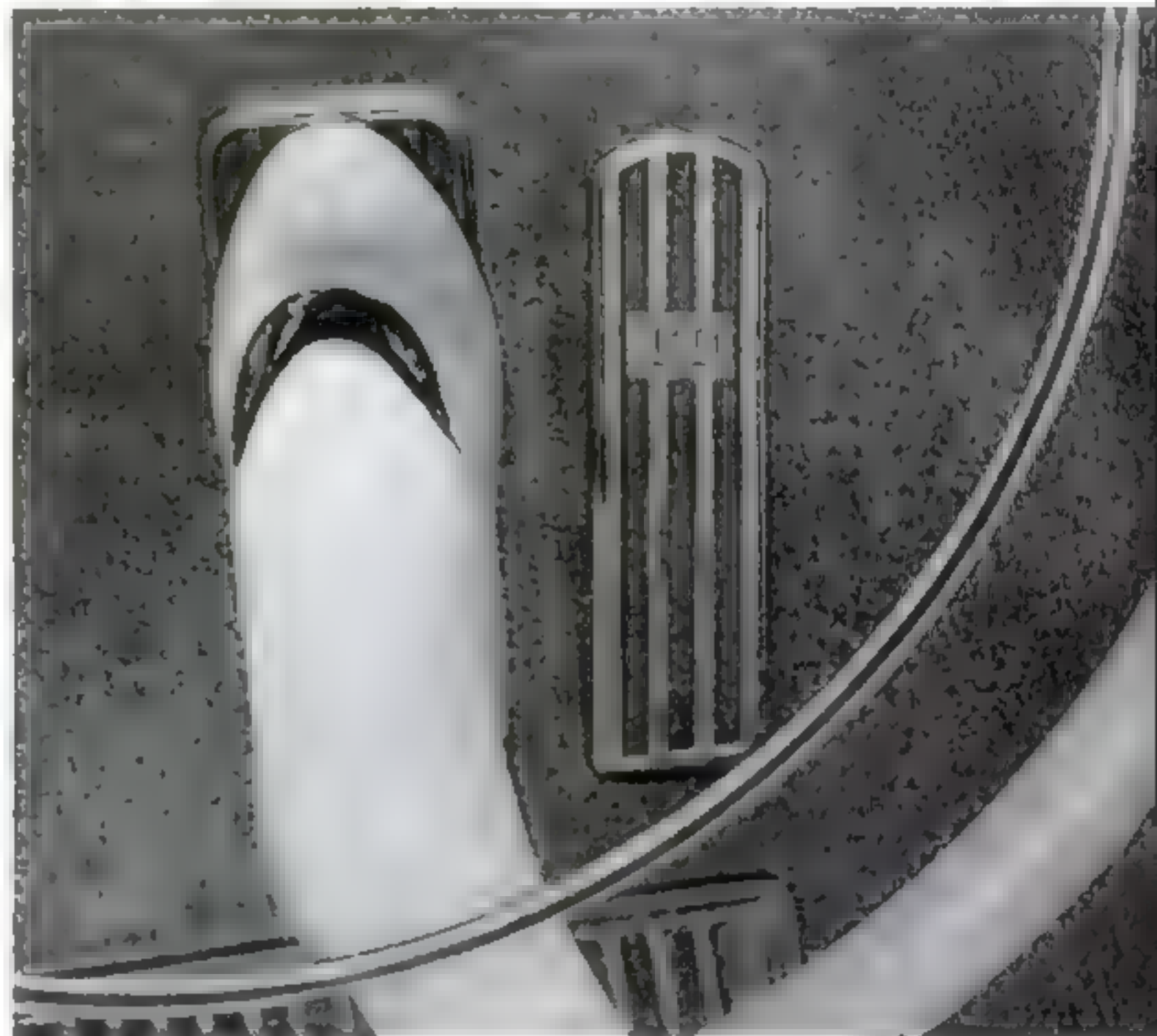
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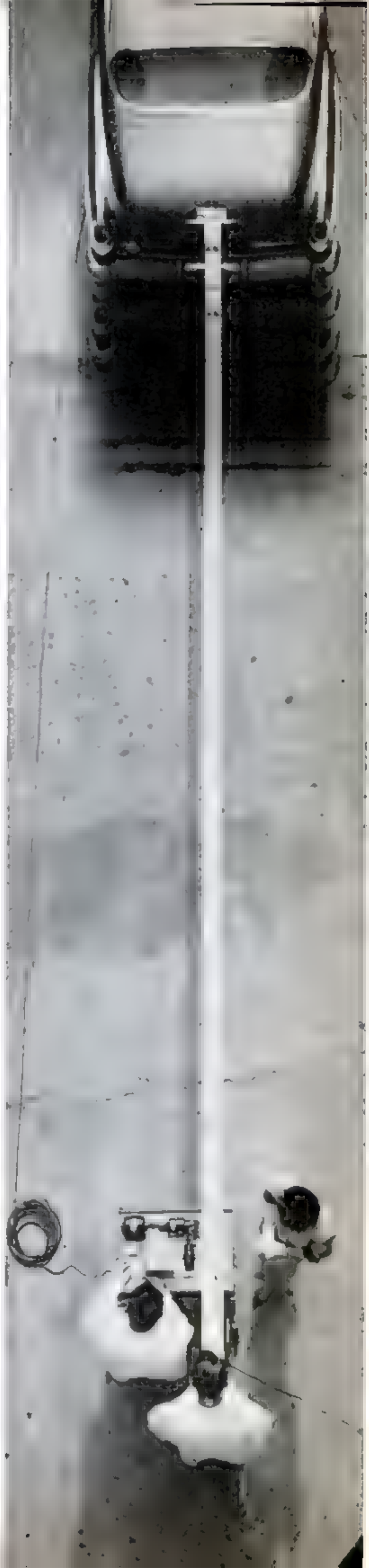
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ULM CATHEDRAL RELIEF DEPICTS NATIVITY, THE MAGI

Four Great Churches

The Catholic and Protestant cathedrals of Europe are monuments to the enduring Christian faith that created and preserved them

Photographed for LIFE by DMITRI KESSEL

"The Lord," exclaimed a Burgundian monk, marveling at what he had seen in 14th Century France, "seems to have snowed churches on the land." His pious wonder was echoed by countless others who witnessed and shared in the great spiritual surge that produced thousands of religious shrines in the Middle Ages. Today the churches still dominate the horizon from England's meadows to Europe's somber northern cities to the sunlit squares of Italy, everywhere testifying to the tide of faith that swept across the medieval world and lifted them into the skies.

From this majestic heritage LIFE has singled out four great cathedrals which still preserve the spiritual impulse and vitality of their builders: Ulm in Germany, Wells in England, St. Mark's in Italy, Bourges in France. All four are products of the same religious fervor—and energetic civic pride—which spurred each town to outdo a

rival town's monuments. Bourges and St. Mark's are Catholic; the other two became Protestant at the time of the Reformation in the 16th Century. Each of them is unique in its treasures and character. Beneath its tapering spire, the cathedral at Ulm is a sculptured parade of history in which the stories of the Bible (*above* and *below*) and the great figures of antiquity are set forth in compelling array.

The quiet sanctuary of Wells is enlivened by an outburst of startling architectural inventions. Under St. Mark's domes is spread the gilt and marbled panoply of the Orient. At Bourges the cathedral is exalted by the restrained but soaring Gothic grace of the West. For centuries the glory of these cathedrals has drawn pilgrims from all over the globe. Today the worshiper within their walls still finds in the lofty vaults and the inspired ornaments a lasting summation of the Christian faith that created them.



HEROD (RIGHT) ORDERS MAGI TO FIND THE NEWBORN CHRIST



ILLUMINATED BY GREEN FLOODLIGHTS, THE CATHEDRAL OF ULM THRUSTS ITS TOWER 528 FEET INTO THE DARK SKY

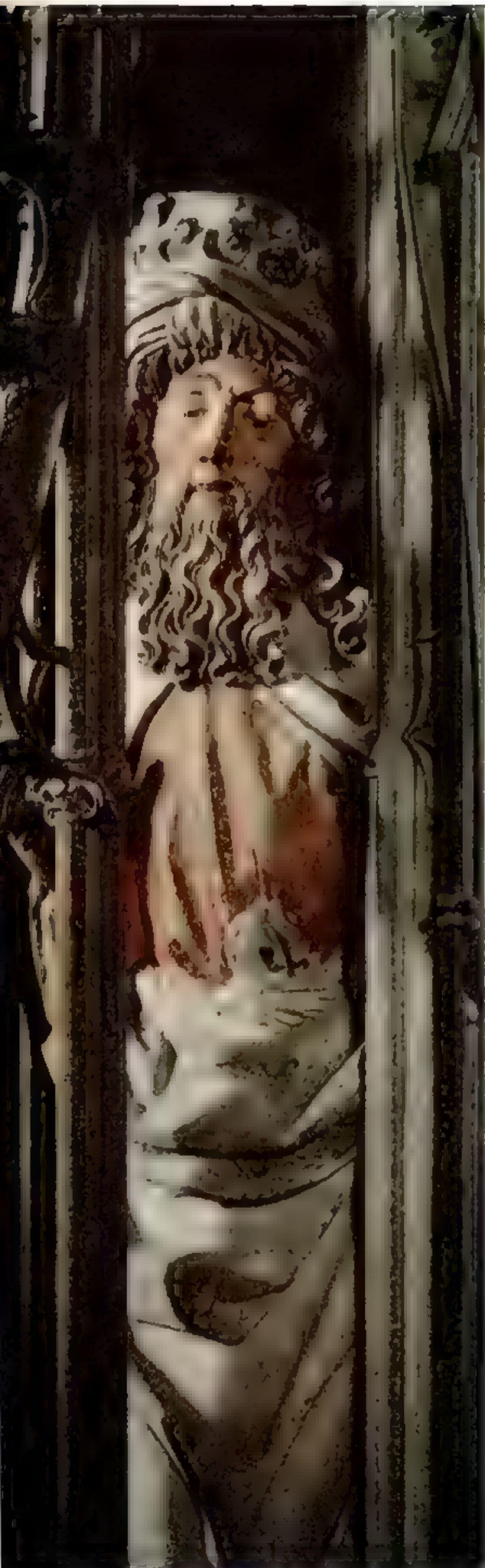
Ulm

Lofty German tower
is monument to zeal

Like a giant filigree needle, the cathedral spire at Ulm—the highest steeple in the world—rises above the gabled city. The second largest church in Germany, the Lutheran cathedral stands as towering testimony to the energy and aspirations of the citizens of the Bavarian town. During the Middle Ages its wealthy merchants carried on such extensive trade it was said that “the gold of Ulm

rules over the whole world.” Much of that gold went into the building of the cathedral. Laying the foundation stone in 1377, the mayor and townspeople covered it with gold coins and jewels. Long after Ulm’s fortunes declined, the citizens continued to build and beautify their church, crowning it in the 19th Century with a Gothic spire which would have made their medieval ancestors proud.

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KING DAVID, wearing crown on his turban, is one of six stone prophets enshrined in an 84-foot Gothic tabernacle built inside the church.



BUST OF ROMAN SENECA ADORNS A CHOIR STALL

KINGS AND PROPHETS OF ANTIQUITY

Before the building of the cathedral there were already 11 churches, 14 monasteries and 31 chapels at Ulm, but all were erected on papal property outside the city walls. The independent townspeople of Ulm wanted to have their own church, built on their own ground inside the walls, with priests

responsible only to them. Originally they planned a simple structure, but as the years went by and one architect succeeded another, the church was expanded and ennobled. Drawn by the gigantic venture, artists flocked from all over Germany to fresco the walls and enliven the choir stalls with

CARVING OF 12TH CENTURY GERMAN KING CONRAD LOOKS DOWN ON AISLE





THE GREEK PYTHAGORAS PLUCKS ON HIS LUTE

ENLIVEN SHRINES AND CHOIR STALLS

sculptures. The carvings portrayed not only the prophets of the Bible but also the famous scholars and philosophers of antiquity, who were believed to have foretold the coming of Christ. Represented with astonishing realism, they have appeared throughout the centuries as silent but watchful spec-

tators at the ceremonies of the cathedral.

In the 16th Century, work on the cathedral came to a standstill when the city was drawn into Luther's revolt against the Papacy. In 1530 the citizens voted to have a Lutheran priest and the cathedral was immediately turned into a Protestant church.

BUTTRESSES SPRING IN A RHYTHMICAL ROW ALONG ROOF OF CATHEDRAL



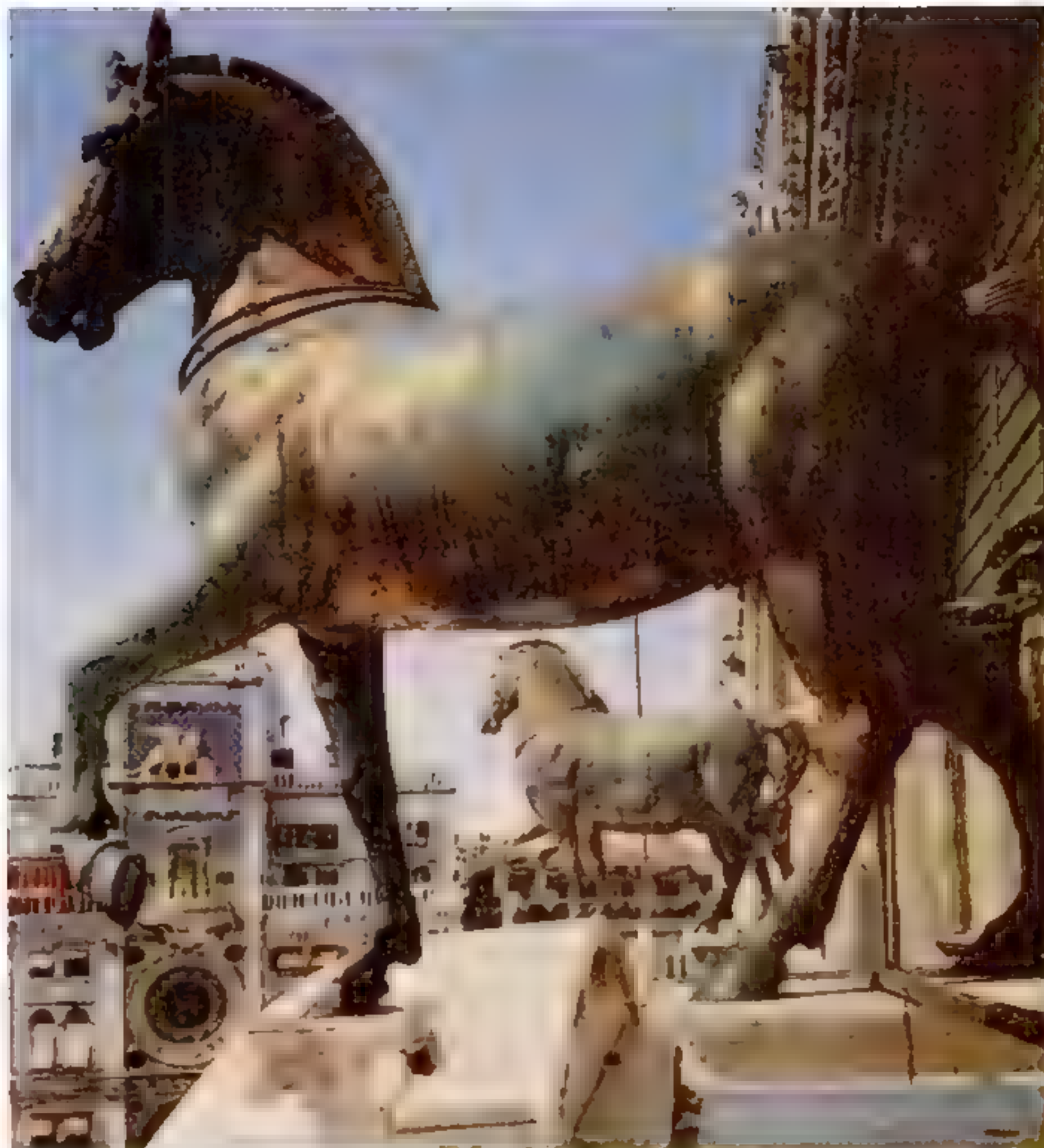
PROPHET MOSES, wearing a horned head-dress signifying strength and honor, peers from behind tabernacle columns, built around 1467.

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GLITTERING FACADE of St. Mark's Cathedral faces on square which is always alive with pigeons and tourists. Like a colorful storybook, the arches of the facade are decorated with mosaics, mostly of 17th Century,

illustrating legends of St. Mark and stories from the Bible. In gilt-roofed shrines above are Gothic carvings of saints and over the central arch, St. Mark himself. At far right is the colonnaded wall of the Doge's Palace.



POISED ATOP GALLERY, HORSES STILL SHOW TRACES OF ANCIENT GILDING

St. Mark's

Great jewel of Venice merges art of many lands

For 900 years the dazzling, domed Cathedral of St. Mark, sitting like a jewel case upon the island of Venice, has been the brilliant backdrop for princes and painters, sultans and sailors, traders, troubadours and, above all, tourists. Like the merchant city itself, which for centuries was the crossroads of the known world, it displays a miraculous mingling of the art and cultures of many lands. A Byzantine resplendence dominates the church, but within its bizarre framework Gothic shrines flank Eastern arches, Roman capitals adjoin Saracenic columns.

This architectural extravaganza was begun in the 11th Century when the Venetians imported an architect from Constantinople to design a church in honor of their patron saint. To make it as magnificent as possible every captain in Venice's vast fleet was ordered to bring back from his travels beautiful

materials for the church. St. Mark's was soon covered with marbles from Byzantium, alabaster from Arabia, porphyry columns from Egypt and carved capitals from Greece, as well as ornamental stones from Roman ruins on the nearby Italian mainland.

Almost as lavish were the trophies which the Venetians claimed during the Crusades. Most famous are the four bronze horses over the entrance of the church. Once the proud adornments of a Roman arch, they were sent to Constantinople about 330 by the Emperor Constantine. In 1204, during the Fourth Crusade, they were seized by a Venetian doge and shipped back to Venice. Except when Napoleon hauled them away to France and when they were taken down for safe-keeping during the two World Wars, they have remained on St. Mark's, watching over the bustling pageantry of the square below.



LEGEND OF ST. MARK is told in 13th Century mosaic. Saint's body was stolen from Egypt by Venetians. On way to Venice storm almost upset boat, but Mark (shown with halo) miraculously revived and calmed seas

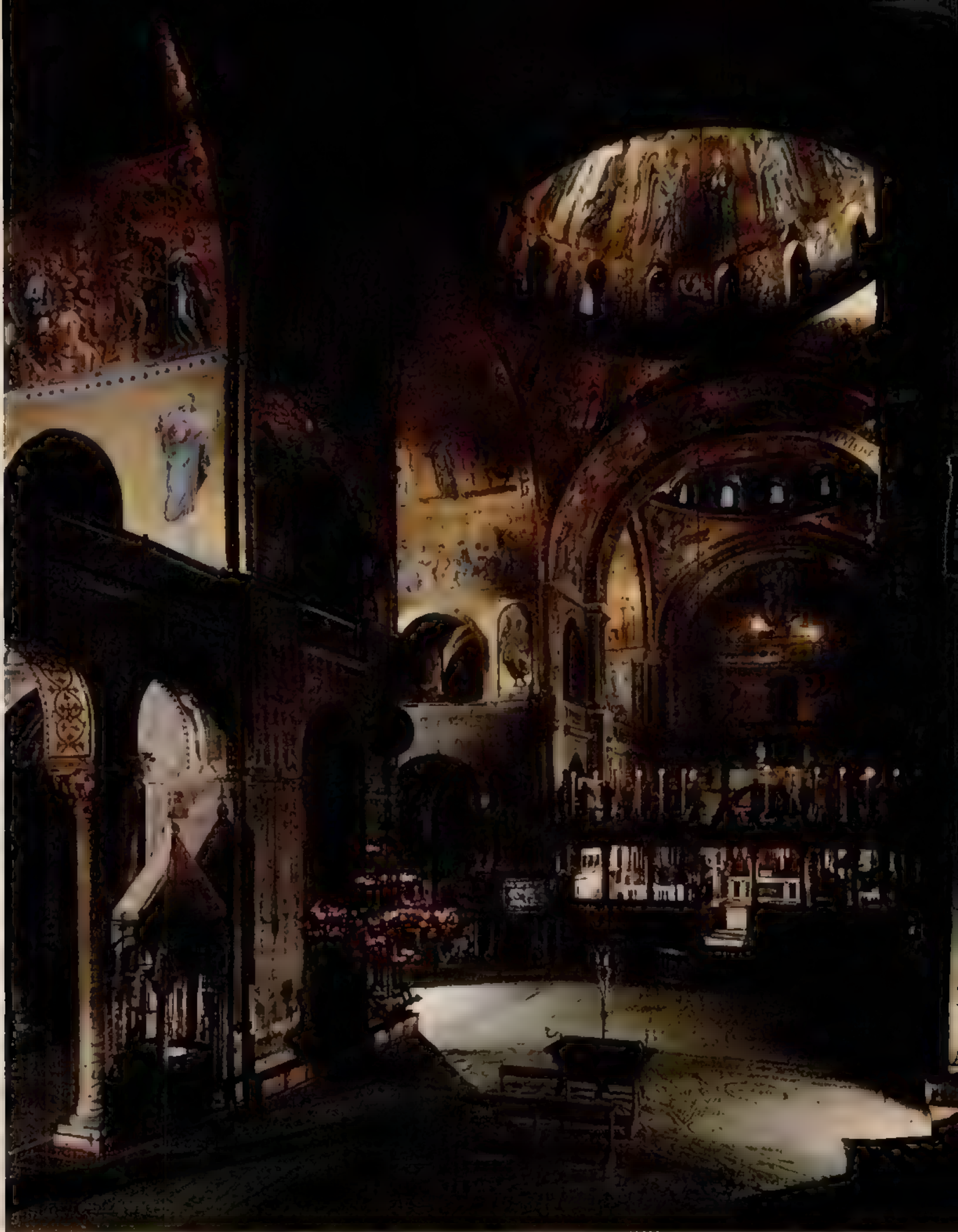
GOLDEN MOSAICS ILLUMINE DUSKY DOMES AND WALLS

In contrast to its brilliant facade, the interior of St. Mark's Cathedral is pervaded by a sombre shadowiness that provided the proper setting of solemnity for the great symbolic state ceremonies which the old republic once held there. Yet this gloomy atmosphere is mysteriously permeated by the shifting glow from the gold mosaics, which cover 40,000 square feet of the church walls and ceilings.



CREATION OF WORLD and Adam and Eve are represented in 13th Century mosaic on dome of vestibule. Story begins with lower left scene in innermost circle showing God creating heaven and earth. Proceeding

counterclockwise: creation of angels, Holy Spirit over waters, separation of light and dark, separation of firmament from the waters. In middle circle are more scenes from Creation, in outer circle, story of Adam and Eve.



GLEAMING ARCHES cast an Eastern opulence over the dusky interior of St. Mark's. Each vault and dome is enriched with mosaics dating from the 11th to the 17th Century and depicting saints, angels and Biblical

events. On the floor 12th Century marble mosaics are worn away into dull patterns. In rear, behind a colonnaded screen surmounted by Gothic statues and tall candles, is altar under which repose the relics of St. Mark.

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TOOTHACHE VICTIM ON A CAPITAL

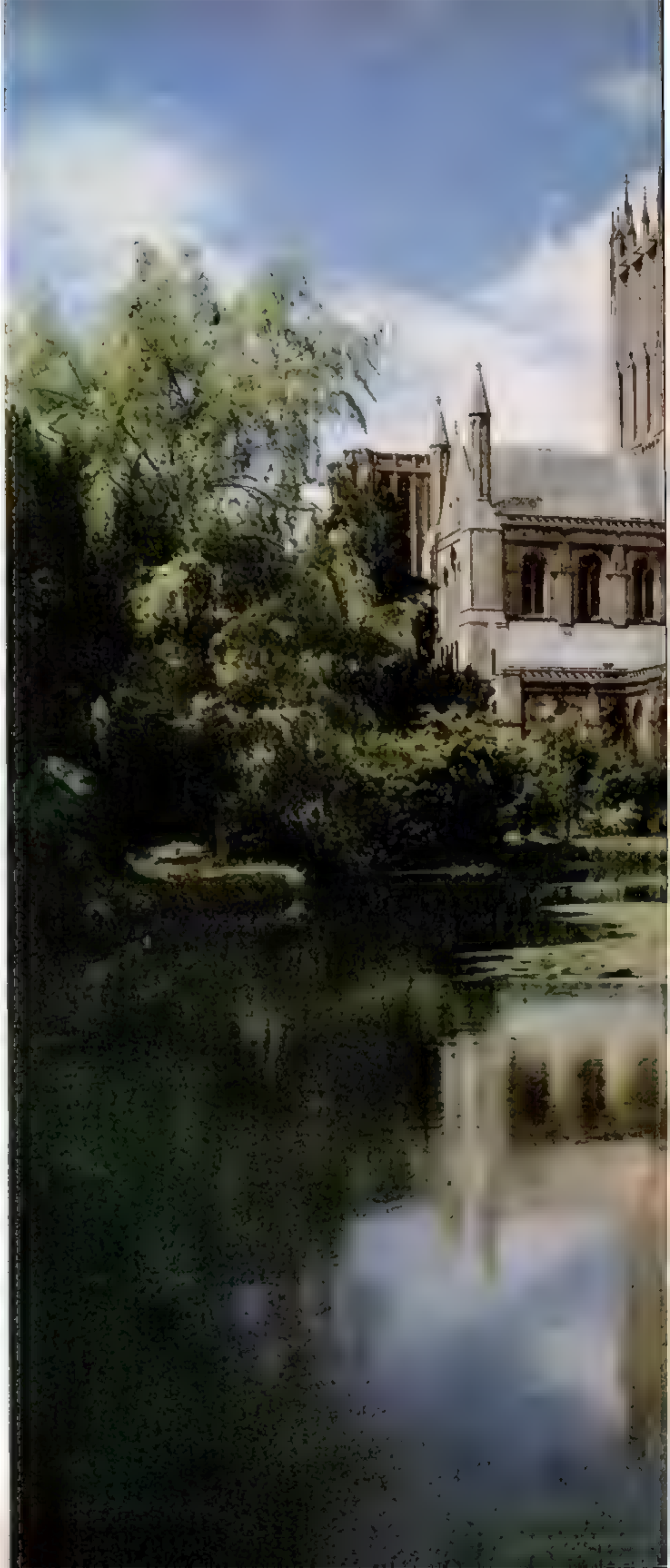
Wells

It has survived 800 years
with stately English grace

The poetic setting of trees and a placid pond invests the cathedral of Wells with the tranquil pastoral beauty that characterizes the majority of great churches of England. For most of the 800 years since the cathedral was begun, the setting has been as peaceful as it is today—but from time to time its quiet sanctity was disturbed by unruly intruders. In the 12th Century, when the cathedral was just going up, a lively market provided the town's chief activity and at one time threatened to take over the church, filling the vestibule with vegetable stalls. But the bishops chased out the marketers and continued the full-scale construction of the cathedral, surrounding it with an array of clerical buildings which ranged from an episcopal palace to a bishop's barn. During the 13th Century a battery of local sculptors was employed to populate the west facade of the church with hundreds of statues of saints, clergymen and nobles. Within the cathedral other carvings paid homage to native legends and celebrities, like Bishop Bytton, who was so famous for his beautiful teeth that his tomb was visited for centuries by people hoping to be relieved of toothaches.

In the 16th Century the peace of Wells was shattered again by Protestant vandals who pillaged and desecrated the church. In 1685 it was used as a stable by the rebel Duke of Monmouth whose soldiers set up their kegs of beer on the high altar. But, weathering these ravages, the cathedral always settled back into its calm, stately ways.

STURDY TOWER and east end of the cathedral are mirrored in the flower-lined pond fed by ancient wells for which the town is named.





NOTABLES IN NICHEs are arrayed on exterior. At top is Roger, Bishop of Salisbury; below, King Henry I. Both lived in 12th Century.

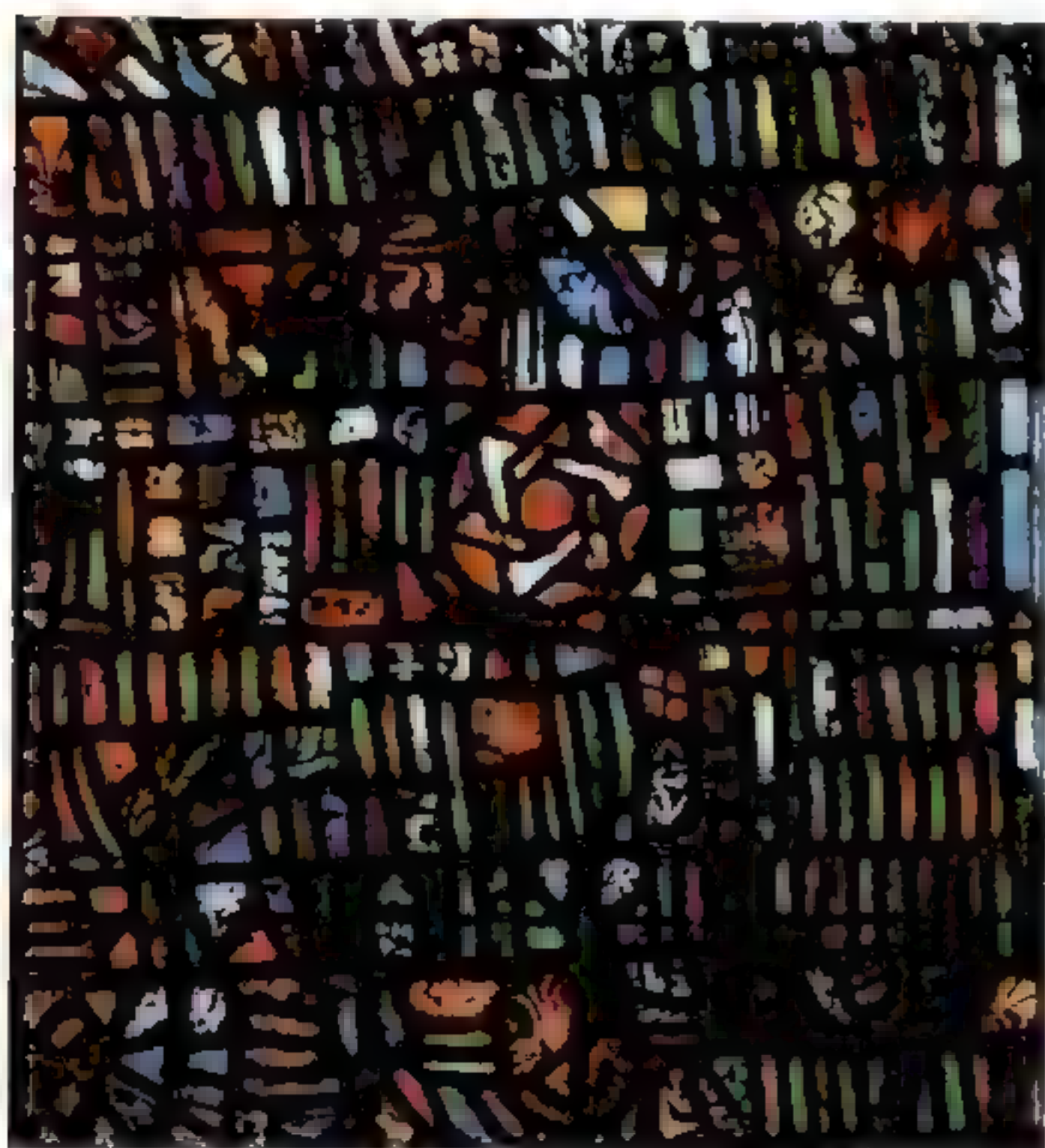
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FACADE WITH INCOMPLETED TOWERS IS 147 FEET WIDE

ITS RIBS, ARCHES AND WINDOWS PRODUCE A STARTLING BEAUTY

Although Wells is one of the smallest cathedrals of Britain, it possesses a remarkable concentration of unique and startling effects. Its broad, buttressed facade, at one time brilliantly colored with red, blue and gold paint but now weathered to a soft gray, is crowded with an army of stone saints and celebrities. Within, the central tower is supported by huge, inverted arches which create a spectacular pattern at the end of the nave. Elsewhere the stained glass windows which resemble abstract paintings and the bursting rhythms of the ribbed vaults add an unexpected beauty to the grandeur of Wells.



PATCHWORK OF STAINED GLASS decorates window in chapel behind the choir. This and other windows were damaged during the Reformation. Later, fragments were pieced together into bright abstract designs.



RADIATING RIBS fan out over the vaulted ceiling of the chapter house, an octagonal room built at the end of the 13th Century as a meeting place for the clergy. The ribs in the center emerge from a



pillar rising from the middle of the room. When the chapter house was in use before the Protestant era, the ribs were usually covered with paint, but today they are the natural color of the original stone.



INVERTED ARCH at the end of the nave was ingeniously devised in 1338 when the piers supporting the central tower began to give way. The double arches strengthened the piers and helped to carry off some of the weight.



MOLDED CURVES of double arches create a gigantic pattern of Gothic tracery as they interweave in the shadows below central tower. Open circles between the arches were added to lighten effect of heavy masonry.



LIKE A GILDED CROWN the illuminated cathedral of Bourges projects against the evening sky of central France. Partly bounded by a formal grove, the church extends 394 feet from the west facade (left) to the



Bourges

Its gigantic grandeur
crowns a French city

Long before the cathedral at Bourges reared its giant frame above the town, other famous Christian churches had occupied the hill on which the great edifice now rests. The earliest was built in the waning years of the Roman Empire and was followed by three other churches, each incorporating something of its predecessor into its structure. In the 12th Century the people of Bourges

STAINED GLASS CHRIST WITH SWORD OF SPIRIT



choir (*right*). Unlike most cathedrals, it has no transept (cross aisle). Behind roof in center of picture appears top of Butter Tower; at the left, is the tall Deaf Tower, so called because it was never equipped with bells.

began the process again, raising a cathedral to St. Stephen over the remains of a Romanesque church. Money was scarce and work had to be carried on piecemeal. But, as in countless other towns, the guilds and the plain people produced the cathedral, contributing both their money and their labor.

In 1506 a great calamity befell the church when the northwest tower collapsed. This

time building funds were available, for the town and the church were growing rich. By 1545 the builders finished the famous Butter Tower, put up with money paid to the church by parishioners for the privilege of eating butter during Lent. The cathedral was once more complete, her portals arrayed with saints and her walls ablaze with some of the finest stained glass in the world.



BANQUET OF DIVES, RICH KING OF THE BIBLE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST is portrayed by richly painted life-size statues of Joseph of Arimathea (*left*) and Nicodemus (*right*), John and the Virgin (*center*). Carved in the 16th Century, they are situated in crypt.



SILENT STONE AND STATUES REVEAL ITS VARIED PAST

Like the city of Bourges, whose history reaches back to pre-Roman days, the Cathedral of St. Stephen is a remarkable accretion of ancient relics and varied architectural styles, blended into a gigantic harmony. Stones from the ancient walls, built by the Romans soon after Julius Caesar conquered the town in 52 B.C., are incorporated into the heavy masonry of the crypt beneath the church. Graceful Gothic porches overshadow the austere, sculptured doorways salvaged from an 11th Century church. Even the damaged sculptures and empty niches of the facade are witnesses to Bourges's past. In 1562 they were the victims of the iconoclastic Protestants who marched on the church, smashed its statues and even tried to blow up its giant piers. This revolt was soon quelled by the Catholic officials and the glory of the cathedral of Bourges was preserved in all its towering, ornamental grandeur.

SUNLIT PORTAL, built in 13th Century, leads to north aisle. Sculpture over doorway was preserved from an earlier Romanesque church.

SOARING PILLARS, thrusting up toward the 120-foot-high vault of the nave, are bathed in roseate hues falling from the jeweled windows.



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IN ALIPORE, NEAR DELHI, THE AUTHOR HELPS VOLUNTEERS START NEW ROAD BY CARRYING A PANFUL OF EARTH

A GOLDEN RULE FOR FOREIGN AID

Former ambassador to India suggests it is much better to do good WITH rather than TO people

by CHESTER BOWLES

IN the southern tip of India is that country's most Communist-ridden state, Travancore-Cochin. Outside one of its villages one day last year a Communist agitator was haranguing some 200 Indian peasants. They were volunteering their labor to build, under the guidance of an American Point Four engineer, a badly needed road from their farm village to the market in Trivandrum, a city 10 miles away. With thousands of similar projects it was started on Oct. 2, 1952, the birthday of Gandhi.

"This road will be an American invasion route to Russia," shouted the agitator. "Don't let the Americans exploit you! Stop giving your labor for nothing!"

It was a young Indian who replied. "These projects are Indian, and run by Indians," he pointed out. "They are part of our own five-year plan to build up our country. The road was our own idea, approved and planned by our own village council. This American engineer is only helping us do what we, ourselves, want to do."

All but three or four of the villagers nodded their approval. Then they grabbed their picks and shovels and resumed work side by side with the engineer. And despite continued Communist agitation and obstruction, they finished their road to market.

The other village projects begun on Gandhi's birthday also are going ahead, and many more have been started since I left the American Embassy. The most significant fact about all these projects and the whole program is that they begin at a local level. They do not attempt to do good things to people, but *with* them. The wisdom of this may be illustrated by the sad experience of a manufacturer I met in South India. He was proud of his modern plant, with nearly 1,000 workers, and

the school and clinics he had built for them. Instead of the gratitude he expected in return he found only suspicion. The reason was that he had introduced his benefits without their knowledge, advice or participation. A result was that a fourth of his workers had turned Communist. They told him: "If you were rich enough to do these things you should have been paying us better wages."

Our Point Four people are not making the same mistake. They operate on the philosophy that progress can be obtained in the community development projects only by enlisting the hard work and help of the villagers themselves. Nothing is offered as the gift of beneficent governments, whether Indian or American. Point Four provides 15% of the cost in technical advice and some equipment, the Indian taxpayer 85% for most of the materials and for supervisors. All of the officers and village development workers are Indians.

These projects have now been expanded to some 35,000 villages inhabited by 29 million people in 28 Indian states. This program is based on a combination of the self-help village development techniques, which Gandhi himself devised, and the rural extension service methods of our own Department of Agriculture. It introduces the villagers to improved but simple tools, better seeds, new principles of fertilizing, modern methods of public health, opportunities for education, better town planning. By 1956 it is hoped that one third of rural India will be engaged in community development enterprises, and eventually it will cover all of India's 500,000 villages.

Prime Minister Nehru calls this program the "revolution" which some "have sought for so long. This is not a revolution based on chaos and the breaking of heads, but on a sustained effort to eradicate poverty."

This article, written for LIFE by former Ambassador Bowles, is based on his experiences in India. Material from it will be incorporated in his book, *Ambassador's Report* (\$4), which Harper's is publishing in January.

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UNLOADING FOR ACTION, trainees from the Ford Foundation-financed leadership school arrive at a village to set up and supervise community projects designed to

improve health, farming and living conditions. The foundation is supplementing Point Four's aid by spending \$2,250,000 on regional schools to train leaders for India.

A GOLDEN RULE CONTINUED

Only one fifth of the Point Four funds sent to India go to community development. But since 85% of India's vast population lives in her villages, nothing is more crucial in the battle for men's minds than this direct assault on village poverty, ignorance and disease.

Few Americans now fail to see our stake in improving the world's living standards. The earth is too small to permit the American people to live in an isolated mansion in the midst of a world slum. Two thirds of the human race are poor and hungry. They are becoming convinced that their misery is not inevitable.

Moreover, in Asia there is now a direct, clear-cut competition between democracy and dictatorship. Communist China has a five-year plan to increase her food supply and her industry. The Soviet Union has sent thousands of technicians to speed up China's efforts, and also has granted hundreds of millions of dollars in credit to China and North Korea for industrial equipment.

The question is not *whether* America should help the still free nations of Asia and other underdeveloped continents, but *how*. The possibilities are almost without limit.

Revolutions are not led by the hungry

BEFORE I went to India many well-meaning Americans assured me: "Give enough food to the people of the underdeveloped countries and they will never go Communist." It is not that simple. "Revolutions in Asia are not led by hungry, illiterate peasants," a prominent Indian anti-Communist warned me. "They are led by frustrated intellectuals who may never have had a hungry day in their lives." In India's last elections (1951-52), the sections of South India where the Communists won their main victories were often less poor than areas which elected more conservative candidates. Ironically, Travancore-Cochin, the most Christian and the most literate state in all India, had the heaviest Communist gains. Misery alone does not account for Communism; the people hunger for something more than food.

What should America's answer be?

Should we attempt to discourage education in Asia for fear the students will succumb to Marxist literature? Stop medical or agricultural assistance for fear that these will only produce healthier and better-fed revolutionaries? Oppose benefits for villagers for fear that any little changes

for the better will whet their appetites for faster changes? Obviously Americans want no such abdication from the 20th Century.

I believe that the proper—and successful—American response is found in the Point Four community development program now developing in India. Its key is the trained "village level worker," who must arouse and help direct the latent energy of the people.

Today thousands of young Indians are preparing for these vital assignments at 34 training centers established with Ford Foundation help. "I have been completely changed," one of these students told me. "From daybreak until after dark we learn how to build seed beds, plow better, persuade the farmers to use new techniques. We learn to dig compost heaps, take care of cattle disease, encourage each villager to plant a small vegetable garden, teach the women how to provide a balanced diet. We learn how to teach the village blacksmith to make simple steel tools." The students also learn how to clean wells, build latrines, diagnose and help forestall cholera or yellow fever epidemics, spray for malaria, help establish schools.

On graduating, each student is assigned to anywhere from three to eight villages. At regional headquarters specialists in soil conservation, agricultural engineering, irrigation, public health and education are being stationed as consultants. Whenever a village level worker runs into a particularly tough problem, they will be able to give him fast help and advice. Eventually, if the job continues to get American support, some 100,000 trained workers will be deployed in all of the villages of India.

So far they have responded remarkably—as the results prove. "Few Americans can imagine the sacrifice and privation that Indians will endure for an education," one of our Point Four workers reported. "After a hard day in the fields they will gather for a whole evening of instruction. Their classroom is a barnyard, their materials are two square feet of dust in which they trace the alphabet with their fingers."

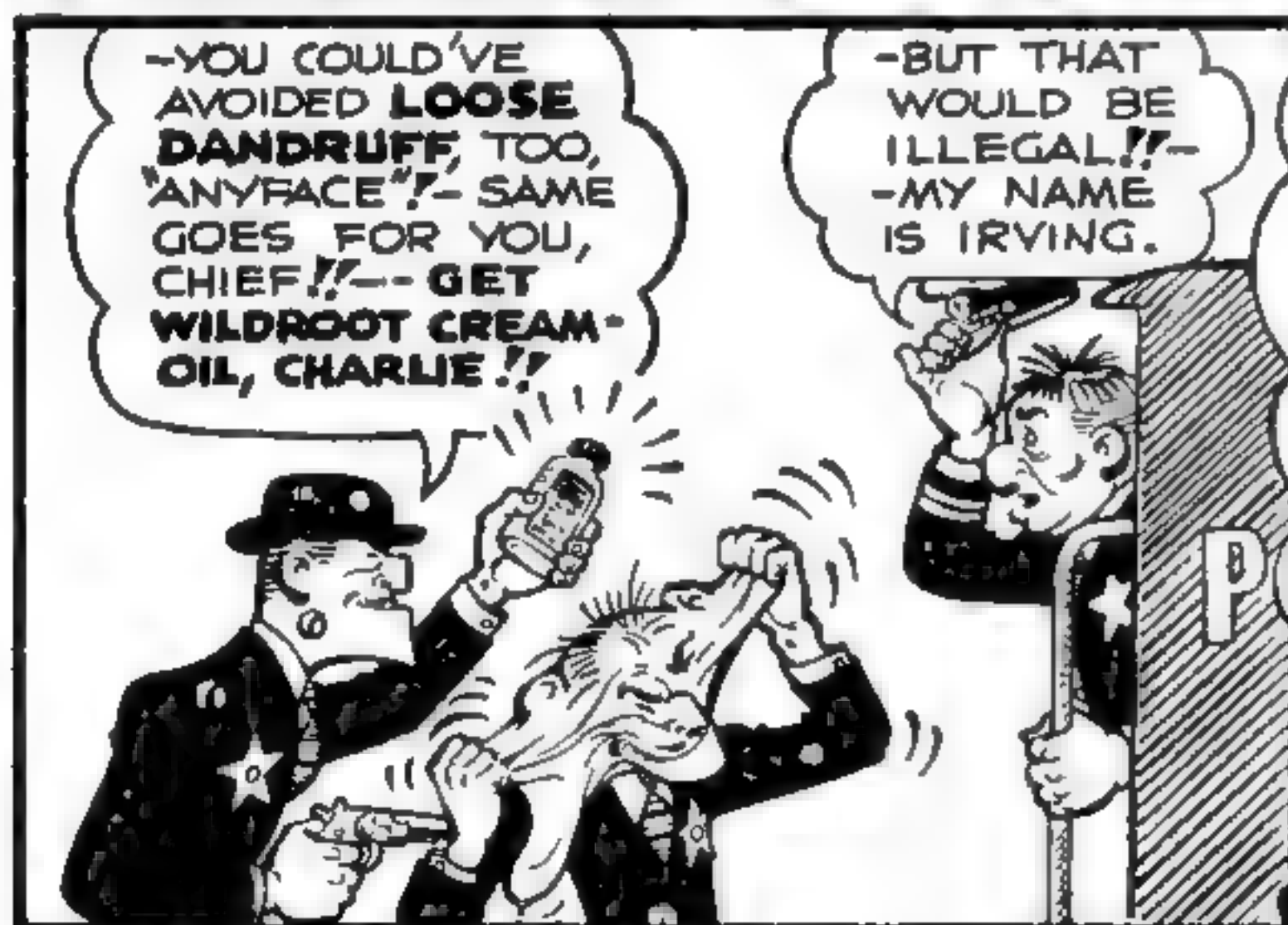
On a development worker's first visit he usually finds the villagers suspicious. "In the past when government officials came to us," some peasants told me in Madhya Pradesh, "it was only to collect taxes or to cause other troubles." But once the villagers accept the worker's sincerity, they often go to the other extreme and expect the government to provide everything. Then it is the task of the village worker to explain the self-help principle: the government can give assistance

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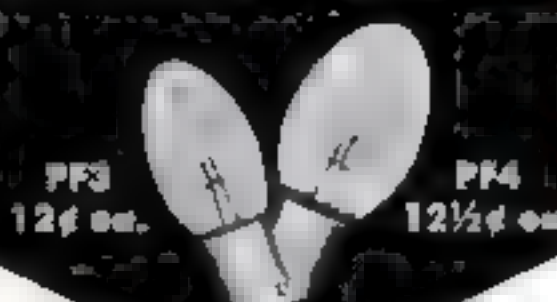
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A GOLDEN RULE CONTINUED

only if the people are willing to work hard for their own betterment. "You and your neighbors can make over your village within three or four years." I heard one such earnest young worker tell some 50 peasants in the Punjab.

"How will we be paid?" asked the village money lender, who clearly looked on the visitor as an intruder.

"Your pay will come not in rupees," the young man answered, "but in the satisfaction of seeing your children in school, of knowing that they will grow up healthy and strong. It will come in being able to move your extra grain to market over roads passable even in the monsoon, in knowing that your community is a better place to live in and that the poverty of the past can be left behind forever. Does any man need greater pay than that?"

The crowd was interested. The speaker quickly continued. "We will send an engineer who will show you how to plan and build a school, and lay out a road to the market at Nilokheri. We will help you build a brick kiln which you can use as a cooperative. We will also offer you better seed and fertilizer which can be paid for when your crops are harvested. But you must give the labor. How many of you will volunteer?"

When I left an hour later the men were still talking excitedly. By then the worker was warning them that progress would take not only hard work, but patience and time. Later I learned they had begun the program.

In Assam, after the peasants hesitantly agreed to use some of the new agricultural methods, their output doubled. They ate better than ever before and for the first time discovered that they could save a little. The village worker persuaded the people to invite a teacher to start classes under a tree. They sent their children to him and later came themselves to learn to read and write.

The village councilors also began to come to life, listening to proposals from the development worker and suggesting plans of their own. They asked the whole village to volunteer in building a road across some swampy land to open a route to a nearby center. That accomplished, they built a schoolhouse and then a small veterinary station. When I visited them a year ago they were at work on a small irrigation dam.

Their pride and enthusiasm were wonderful to see. They told me how many plans for the school their council rejected before deciding how to go ahead. They seemed full of confidence that they could go on making their village a better place to live.

'Now we can work from dark to dark'

YOU have lifted us out of hell," a village leader told some departing American technicians. "Until you came here, we never knew that people could work hard and still be happy. Now we can work from dark to dark and still be happy."

The possibilities seem limitless. Whole new villages may be created with teams of the young and the old giving a few hours of labor a day to their village and country after their own work is finished. Once enough brick kilns are built and the fuel problem is solved (India has immense untapped resources), I can visualize a wave of construction which can change the face of the whole huge subcontinent.

As a third phase, we may hope to see new village industries spring up. As great new supplies of electric power flow from India's big river valley developments, they will make industrial decentralization possible. No longer, as in the age of steam, must workers concentrate in city slums. Textiles, clothes, shoes and many other goods can now be made efficiently by village industries. Gandhi always dreamed of little village republics, clean, healthy and vital. His dream may come true.

Such progress is impossible if it is attempted from the top down, either by bureaucratic coercion or paternalistic charity.

"Why do so many of you Americans measure progress solely in terms of material gains?" an Indonesian once asked me. His point is important. People need a higher standard of living, but they also need a sense of purpose, community cooperation and, above all, a sense of human dignity.

American aid should be given with this always in mind. Americans are properly hesitant to attach strings to U.S. aid. To ask a country to think as we do about foreign policy would be an insult which any self-respecting people would resent. But American aid is likely to be a waste of money in any country whose government does not put its own economic house in order. Success in development requires popular enthusiasm, and America will be wise to limit its aid to those nations which are willing to take the necessary steps to create it.

In those nations where an inadequate and unjust tax system

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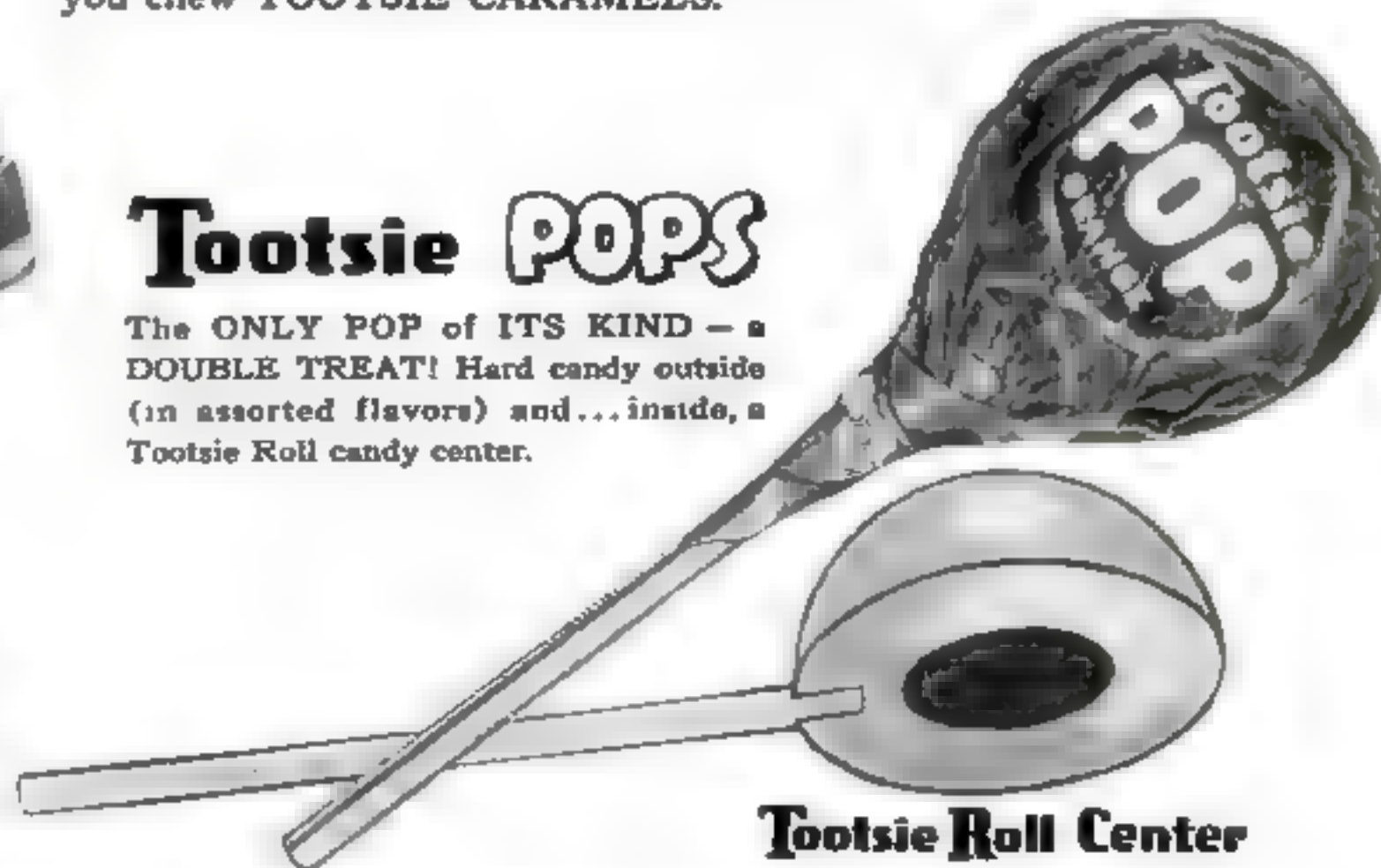
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A GOLDEN RULE CONTINUED

bears hardest on those least able to pay—where luxury imports eat up foreign exchange that should be spent for necessities, where there is no genuine effort to establish broad ownership of the land—progress is almost impossible. Under such conditions American assistance simply perpetuates bad leadership, accentuates inequalities and enables the Communists to charge us with subsidizing reaction and exploitation.

Land reform is an essential condition in any country where most of the good soil is owned by a few landlords and where half—and sometimes more—of his crop is taken as rent by an absentee landlord.

An Indian friend of mine tried to tell a villager in the state of Madras about the evils of Communism. Replied the villager, "I am not concerned about this faraway Stalin. We have our own Stalin here in our village—the man who owns the lands we till. First tell us how to get out of his grip!" In such places it is not easy for a development worker to persuade people to give their labor for irrigation projects, roads, schools and other community improvements.

Even Americans who understand the necessity for helping underdeveloped nations occasionally ask: why must America supply all of the technical assistance as well as a good deal of the money? The answer is that we need not. I have already pointed out that in India 85¢ of the Point Four dollar is provided by the Indians themselves. Moreover, in the technical field non-Communist Asia has many resources and skills which, if put together through a common plan, could help raise the living standards of all.

Japan has almost as much to offer India as has the U.S., and Japan has more need of finding an outlet for its services. Decentralized small industry has been developed further in Japan than in any other country. No country needs these techniques more than India. By using intensive farming methods on tiny holdings the Japanese people are able to get 4,000 pounds of rice per acre a year. India's average is only about 900 pounds.

Why shouldn't Asians be encouraged to undertake Point Four cooperation among themselves with American financial help? Why shouldn't the board of directors of these development programs consist of representatives from a whole region?

Democracy's real test in Asia will come if the Communists compete in the field of Point Four. With the Communist emphasis on economics as a basis for politics it is unlikely that the Soviet Union will long sit idly by once our efforts show signs of success. I can testify to the extraordinary interest and concern which Soviet representatives in India show in Point Four.

This year the Soviet Union graduated one third more engineers than did the U.S. Many of them may be training for assignments in Asia, Africa or even South America. Once the Russians decide to offer loans, grants and technical help to other Asian nations, as they are now doing in Communist China and North Korea, their progress could be formidable.

But we should welcome the competition. Few nations in history have been better fitted than America to help the economic, social and political development of underdeveloped countries. In this battle the skills required are not those of destruction, the Communist specialty, but those—as Nehru said—of construction. These skills have ever been America's special genius.



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The man in the front row

Sometimes I find myself in violent disagreement with LIFE on political questions. But I read LIFE religiously from cover to cover every week—for the main reason that LIFE and I see eye to eye on the most essential subject: beauty.

LIFE is expert in the selection and presentation of beautiful art, beautiful scenes of nature, beautiful girls.

In addition to the art and the nature, I think particularly of pictures of Silvana Mangano, Vivien Leigh, Terry Moore, Vanessa Brown, Audrey Hepburn—and the lovely young Queen Elizabeth.

I had the privilege of attending the Coronation in Westminster Abbey last summer, but I subsequently saw more of this magnificent pageantry in LIFE (June 15th) than I had seen with my own eyes on June 5th.

LIFE has always given intelligent and sympathetic attention to the development of our American theatre, movies and television. I recall with particular pleasure the cover article on my friends, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, when they celebrated a quarter of a century together on the stage. I have known and loved this inseparable pair for even longer than that, and endorse every syllable of LIFE's tribute to them.

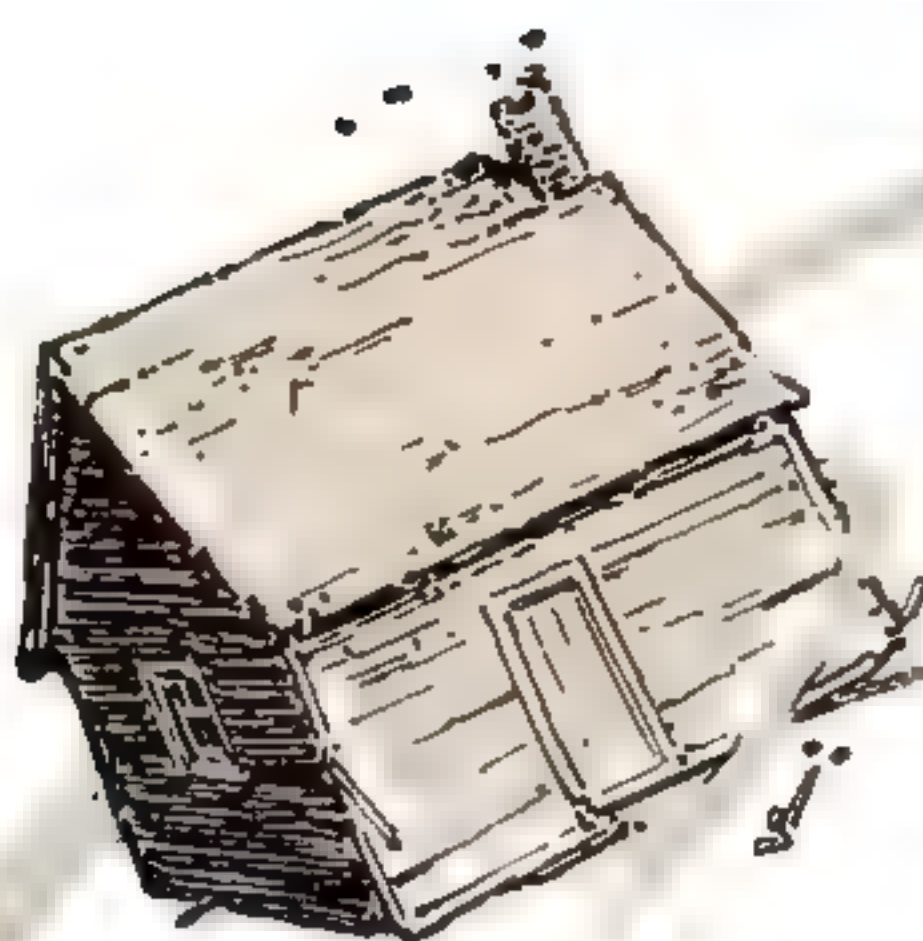
Once during an interval in New York during World War II, Billy Rose gave my wife and me seats for the opening of Bea Lillie in "Seven Lively Arts." The seats were in the middle of the front row. A photograph of the audience was taken from the stage and published as a double-page spread in LIFE, with identification of many of those present.

Shortly thereafter, I was sent on a mission to the Pacific, and wherever I went—Guam, Iwo Jima, Luzon, Okinawa—soldiers and sailors looked at me and murmured respectfully, "Why, I know you. I saw you in LIFE. You were in the front row at the Ziegfeld Theatre!" They obviously didn't know anything else about me—but that was enough to make me a Very Important Person, and I enjoyed it.

In a sense, LIFE puts all its readers in the front row for watching the progress, forward and backward, of the terrible and wonderful world we live in.

by **ROBERT E. SHERWOOD**, author and playwright





The WON- DERFUL WIZARD OF



Rare Original Drawings Retell Dorothy's Amazing Adventures

LIFE here presents the long forgotten original illustrations by W. W. Denslow for the now rare 1900 first edition of L. Frank Baum's children's classic. The only complete and original text of the story is the current Bobbs-Merrill edition (\$2.50). On these pages is a condensed adaptation of the amazing adventures of Dorothy, which begin on a farm in the Kansas prairie:

THERE'S a cyclone coming," shouted Uncle Henry, and he ran toward the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

"Quick, Dorothy, run for the cellar!" Aunt Em screamed, and she climbed down through the trap door in the floor of the house.

But Dorothy ran to get Toto, her little black dog. Then came a great shriek from the wind and a strange thing happened.

The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon. Toto fell out through the cellar door, but Dorothy pulled him back again. On and on they rode until, many hours later, the house landed with a great bump.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement. She was in a country of marvelous beauty. Three queer little men appeared with

an old woman. "Welcome most noble Sorceress to the land of the Munchkins," said the old woman. "I am the Good Witch of the North, and we are grateful to you for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East. You shall wear her Silver Shoes."

Dorothy saw the Silver Shoes sticking out from under the house which had fallen on the Wicked Witch. But Dorothy wanted only to get back to her Aunt and Uncle in Kansas. "Can you help me find my way?" she pleaded.

"You must go to Emerald City," the Good Witch said. "Perhaps Oz the Great Wizard will help you. It is a long trip, but the road is paved with yellow brick, so you cannot miss it."

And so, putting on the magic Silver Shoes, Dorothy started off, with Toto trotting along.

When she had gone several miles along the road, Dorothy saw a Scarecrow standing in a cornfield. "Good day," he said, and asked her to take him down off the pole. She lifted him off, for being stuffed with straw, he was quite light.

When Dorothy told him where she was going, the Scarecrow was most interested. "You see," he said sadly, "I am stuffed with straw, so I have no brains at all. If I go with you, do you think the Great Oz would give me brains?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, "but you may come with me, if you like." And so he did.



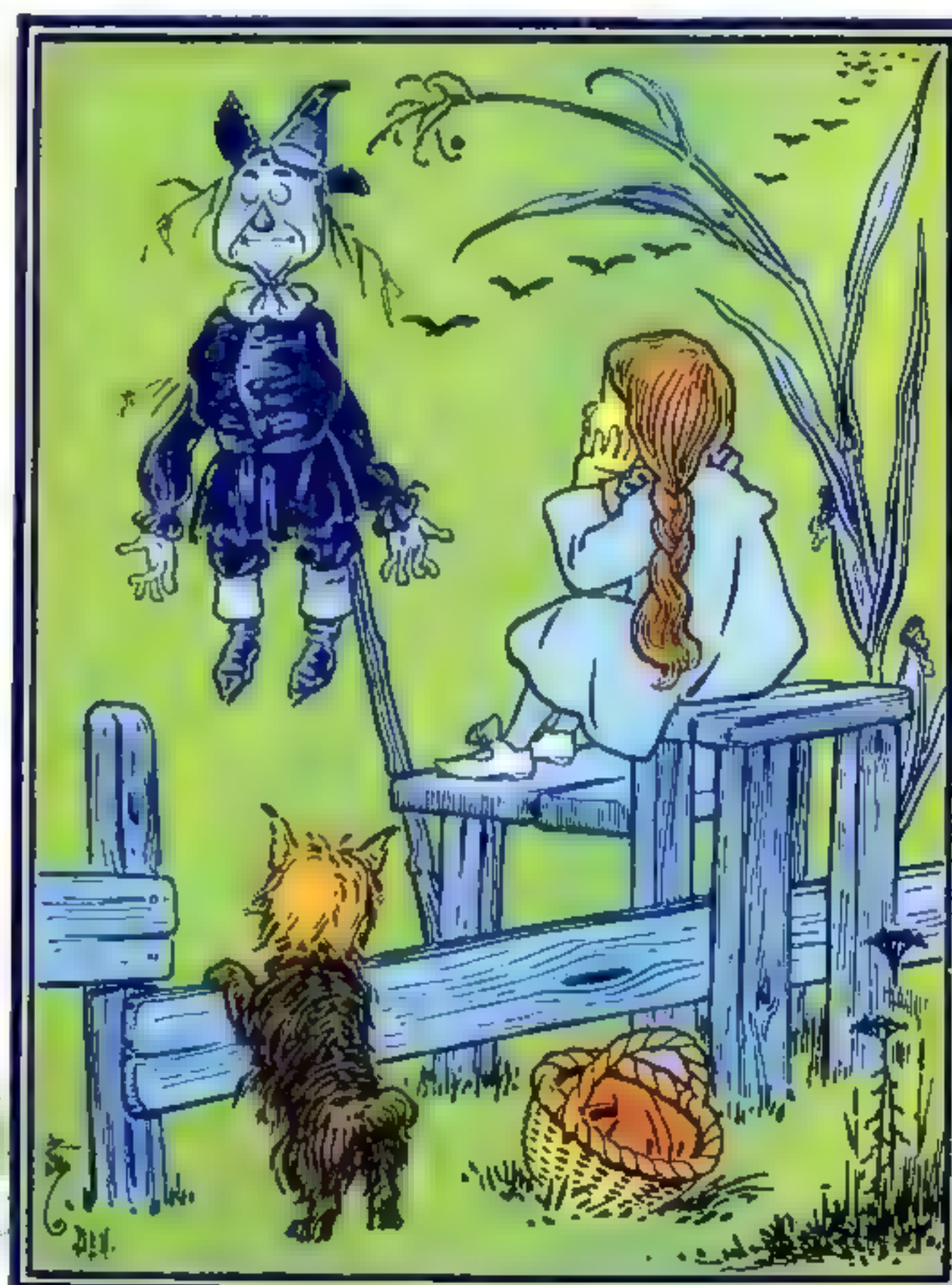
Dorothy caught Toto falling out the door



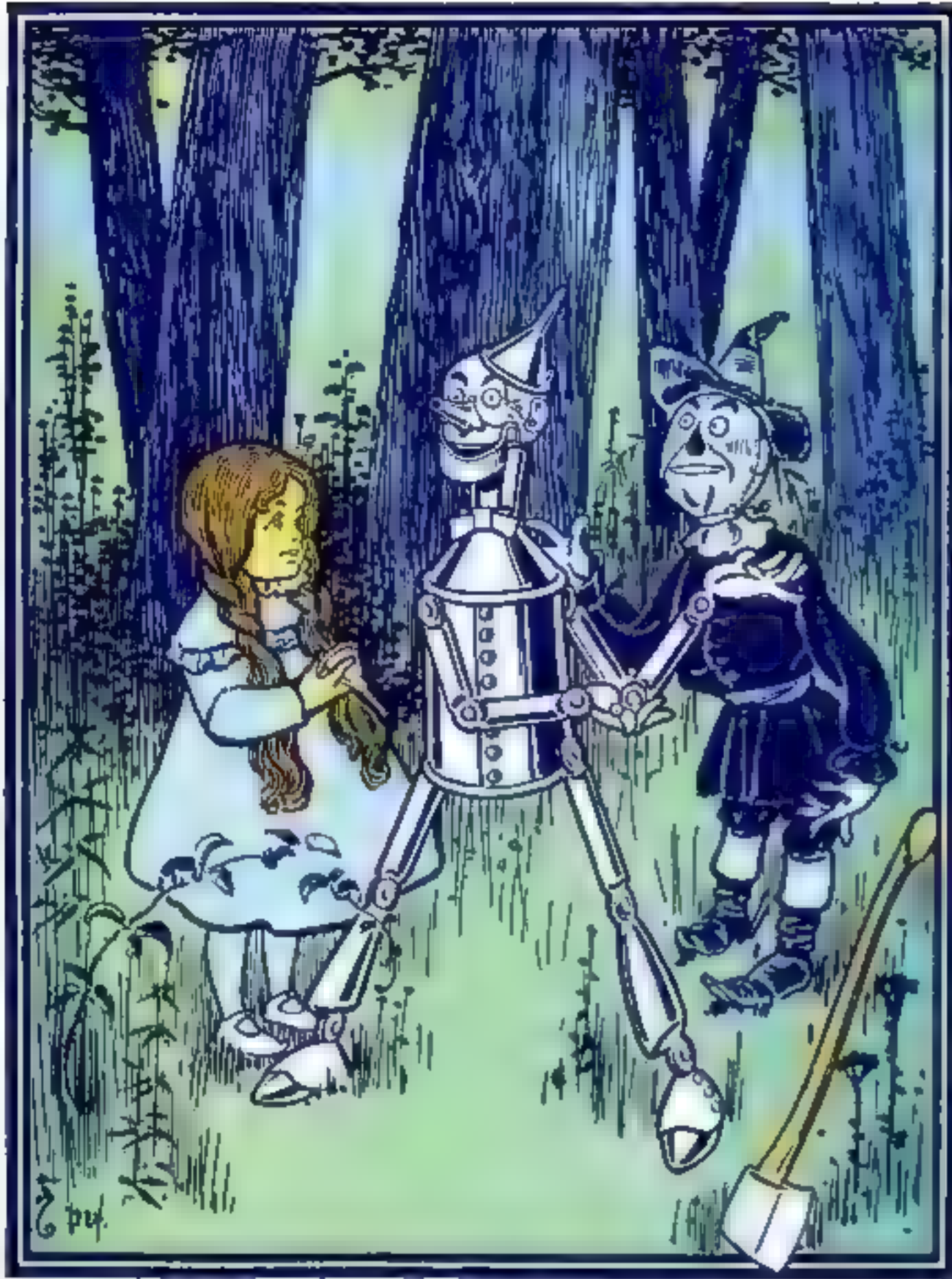
"Welcome to the land of the Munchkins!"



She saw two Silver Shoes under the house



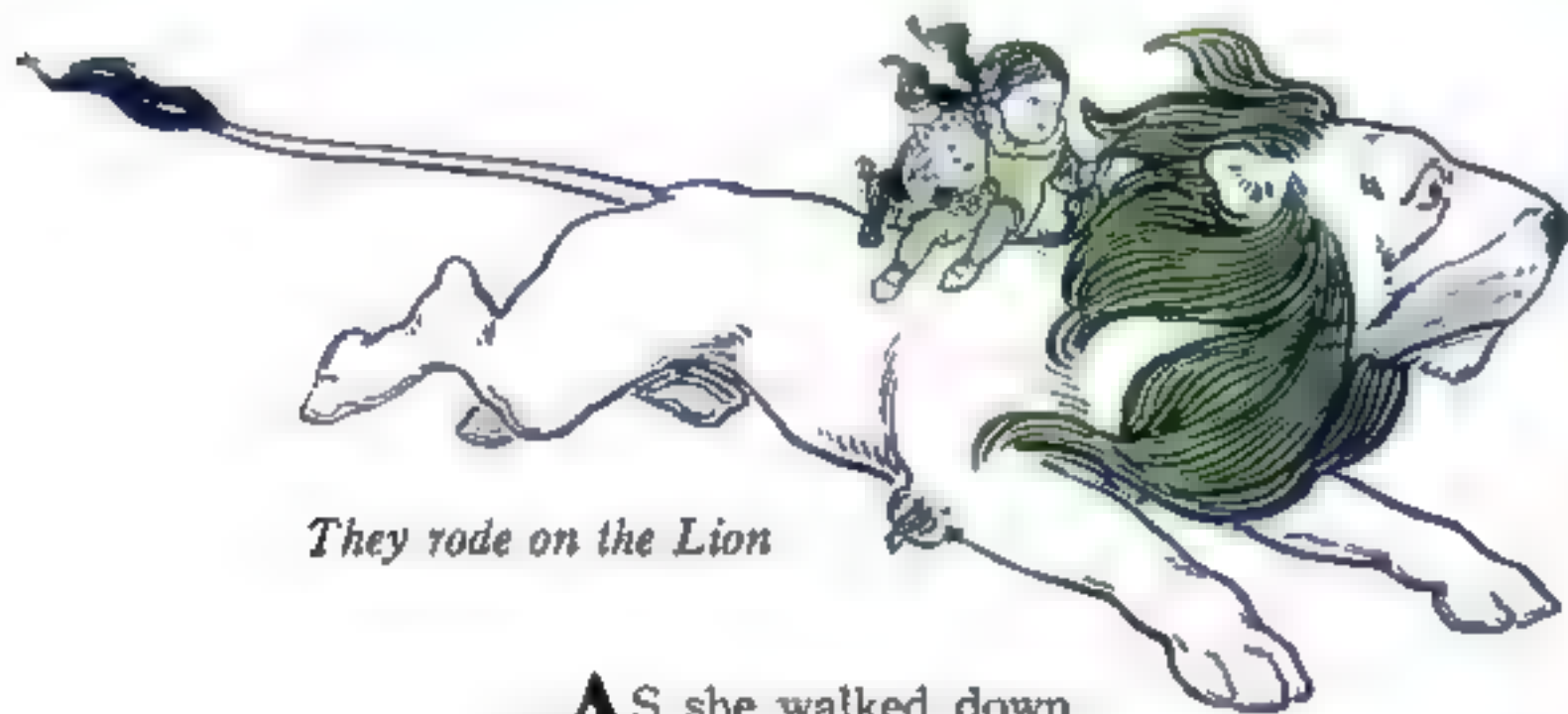
To her surprise, the Scarecrow spoke



Dorothy oiled the Woodman's joints



"I am a coward," sobbed the Lion



They rode on the Lion

AS she walked down the road, Dorothy saw something shining from a forest. Standing there with an uplifted ax in his hands was a man, made entirely of tin. The Tin Woodman groaned: "Get an oilcan and oil my joints. They are rusted so badly I cannot move." So Dorothy oiled him with an oilcan she found in a nearby cottage and told him where she was going.

"Do you suppose Oz could give me a heart?" he asked. "Why, I guess so," said Dorothy and said she would be pleased to have his company.

Suddenly, a terrible roar came from the forest, and a great Lion bounded into the road. He knocked the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman head over heels. Just as the Lion opened his mouth to bite Toto, Dorothy, heedless of danger, rushed forward and slapped him on the nose.

"Don't you dare to bite Toto!" she said. "You ought to be ashamed! You are nothing but a big coward!" The Lion hung his head in shame. "I know it," he said and rubbed the sore spot on



The Kalidahs fell screaming into the ditch



his nose. "No one would bite such a small thing but a coward." When he heard where they were all going, he asked, "Do you think Oz could give me courage?" Everyone was sure he could, so the Cowardly Lion joined them.

They came to a great ditch across the road. The Lion gave each of them a ride on his back as he jumped to the other side. When they came to another ditch too wide for the Lion to jump over, the Woodman chopped down a tree and made a bridge for them to cross. They had to walk across very fast, because just then they were chased by two monstrous beasts called Kalidahs. But as soon as they all got to the other side, the Woodman

chopped the bridge away, and the ugly Kalidahs went crashing down to the bottom of the ditch.

Later, when they were crossing a river on a raft, the Scarecrow fell off and stood on a stick in the water [above, left], but a Stork flew by and carried him safely ashore.

Walking along the travelers found themselves in the midst of a great meadow of scarlet poppies where the odor was so powerful it could

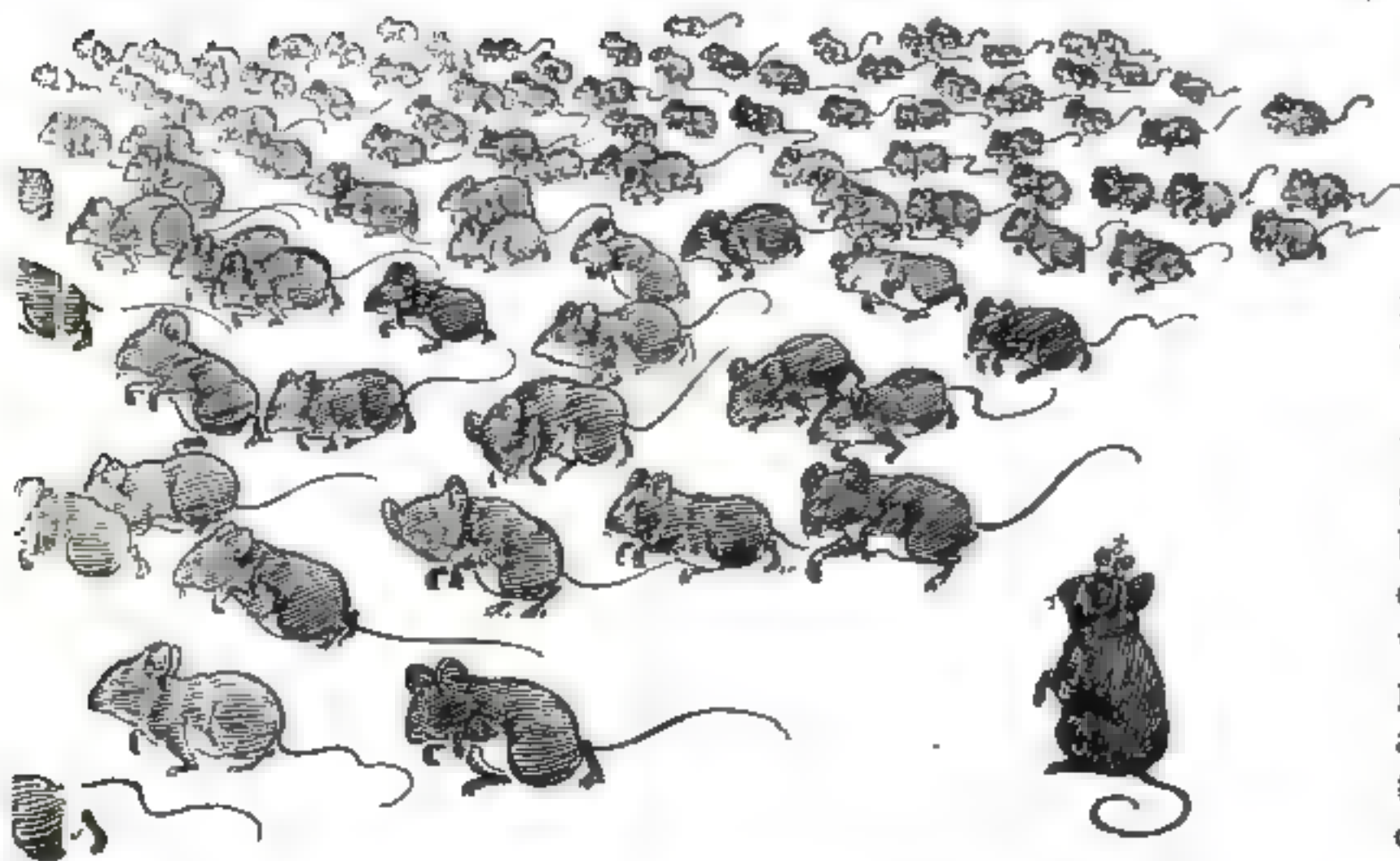


put someone to sleep forever.

When the Lion fell fast asleep among the flowers, they thought they would have to go on without him, for he was much too heavy to lift.

But just then a little gray mouse came along. "I am Queen of the field mice," she explained and told them she would call together all her people to help. In a little while, each mouse brought a piece of string, and they tied all the strings to a small wooden truck which the Woodman made by chopping down some trees. Onto this the Scarecrow and the Woodman rolled the sleeping Lion. Then the thousands of tiny mice pulled the great Lion out of the poppy fields into the fresh air.

This woke up the Lion, and the travelers resumed their journey.



Thousands of mice pulled the sleeping Lion



Emerald City was a dazzling sight

AFTER much walking, the companions saw a beautiful green glow in the sky and soon came to Emerald City.

Towering above a wall surrounding the city were rooftops made of green marble and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds.

Everything glittered so brightly that a guard at the gate gave them colored spectacles to protect their eyes from the almost blinding sight.

As they marveled at the wonderful city, where the popcorn and flowers and even the people were green, they walked down marble streets to the Palace of Oz. A tall soldier [left] dressed in a green uniform and wearing a long green beard said, "Oz will grant you an audience but each one must enter his presence alone."

Dorothy was the first to be admitted to the Throne Room. On the big throne was an enormous Head without a body or arms or legs.

The mouth moved: "I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

"Send me back to Kansas," she begged.

"Help me and I will help you," Oz replied.

"Kill the Wicked Witch of the West!"

"But I cannot!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Yes, you can," he said. "You wear the magic shoes of the Witch of the East, and they bear a powerful charm."

But Dorothy was told no more about how she could kill the Witch, and she sorrowfully left.

The Scarecrow was the next to enter the Throne Room where he saw a most Lovely Lady. She said, "I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

When the Scarecrow said that he wanted some brains, Oz replied: "You must kill the Witch of the West."

When the Tin Woodman came to the Throne Room, he saw Oz in the shape of a most terrible Beast nearly as big as an elephant, and with five eyes in its face. But the bargain was the same. "If you desire a heart," he said, "you must first help Dorothy kill the Wicked Witch of the West."

And when the Lion went in, he saw Oz in the form of a fierce Ball of Fire, but again the bargain was the same: "As long as the Witch of the West lives you remain a coward."

Dorothy and her friends decided there was nothing for them to do but look for the Wicked Witch. They waved goodbye to the people of Emerald City and sadly set forth for the country of the West.

But the Wicked Witch looked out with her one eye and saw them coming. Then she quickly donned a special Golden Cap and uttered these magic words:

"Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke!"

"Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo!"

"Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!"



The Lion trembled before a Ball of Fire

There was a rushing of many wings, a great chattering and laughing, and the sun came out of a dark sky to show the Wicked Witch surrounded by a crowd of Monkeys, each with a pair of immense and powerful wings on his shoulders. "Go seize the strangers," she ordered. "Your commands shall be obeyed," said the leader.

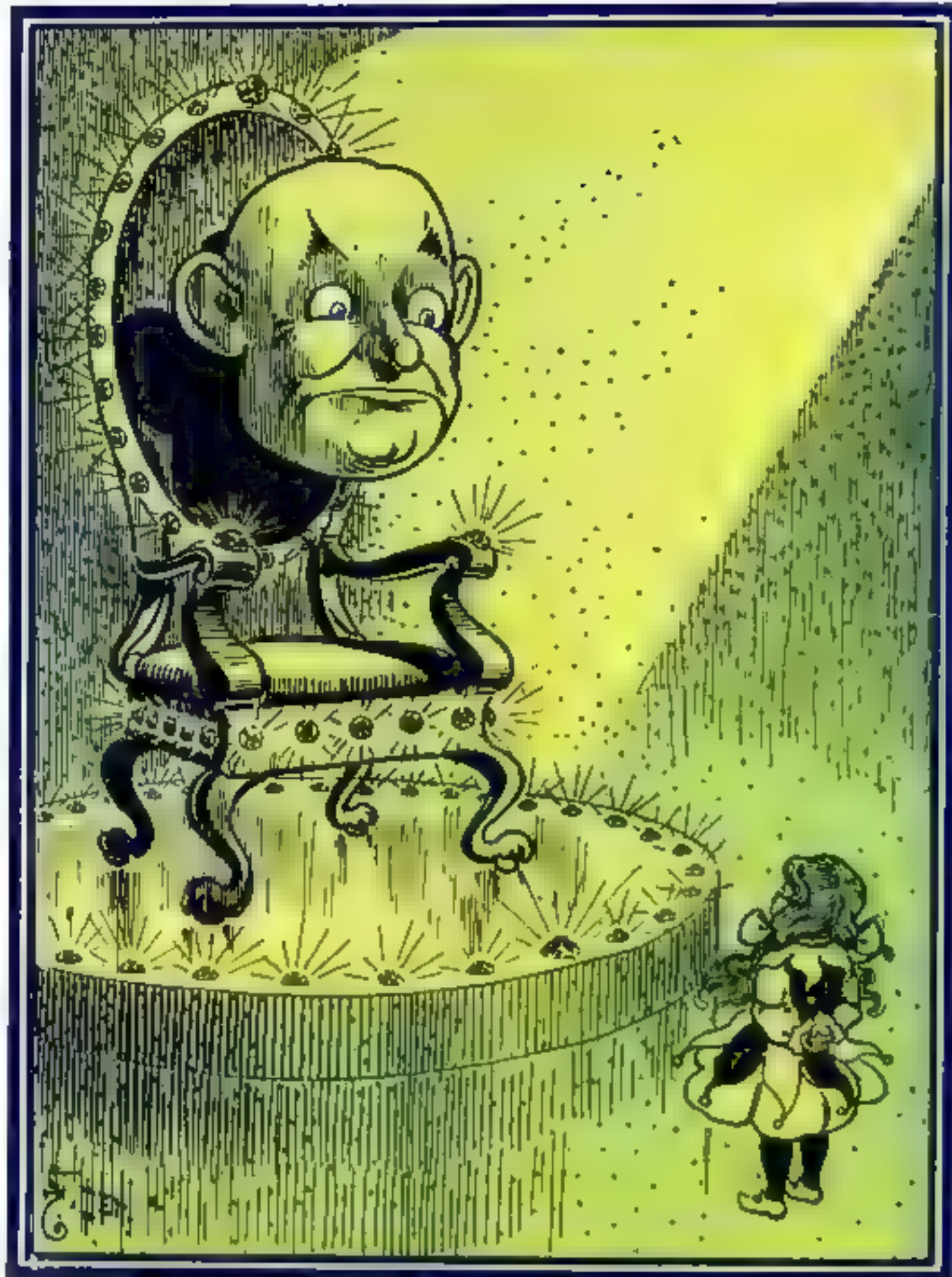
Off through the sky the Monkeys flew and descended upon the travelers. They tied many coils of rope around the Lion until he was unable to struggle in any way. Then Dorothy and Toto were grabbed and carried swiftly through the air to the castle of the Wicked Witch.

As the Monkeys set Dorothy down before her, the Witch trembled with fear. She saw that the little girl was wearing the magic Silver Shoes, which had a powerful charm. But Dorothy did nothing, not knowing how to call forth the power of the shoes, and so the Witch became bold again.

"Mind everything I tell you," ordered the Witch, and bade her clean the kitchen pots and sweep the floor.

Just as Dorothy decided she would never get back to Kansas, she stumbled and off came a Silver Shoe.

A most Lovely Lady sat upon the throne



"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible"



They waved goodbye to Emerald City



The Winged Monkeys bound up the Lion

The Witch snatched up the shoe, for she wanted its magic power for herself.

Dorothy, seeing that she had lost one of her pretty shoes, demanded of the Witch: "Give me back my Silver Shoe!"

"I will not," answered the Witch, "for it is now my shoe and not yours!"

This made Dorothy so very angry that she picked up a bucket of water and dashed it over the Witch. With a cry of fear, the wicked woman wailed, "Water will be the end of me!"

Then, as Dorothy looked on in wide-eyed wonder, the Witch began to shrink and fall away, until she finally melted away to nothing. Dorothy picked up the Silver Shoe and realized she was free at last.



The Wicked Witch began to shrink and shrink



The Monkeys carried them through the sky



"I am nothing but a humbug," said Oz

NOW," said Dorothy to her friends, "we must go back to Oz and claim his promise." And so, with the Golden Cap, she called the Monkeys, who flew them back to the Palace of Oz.

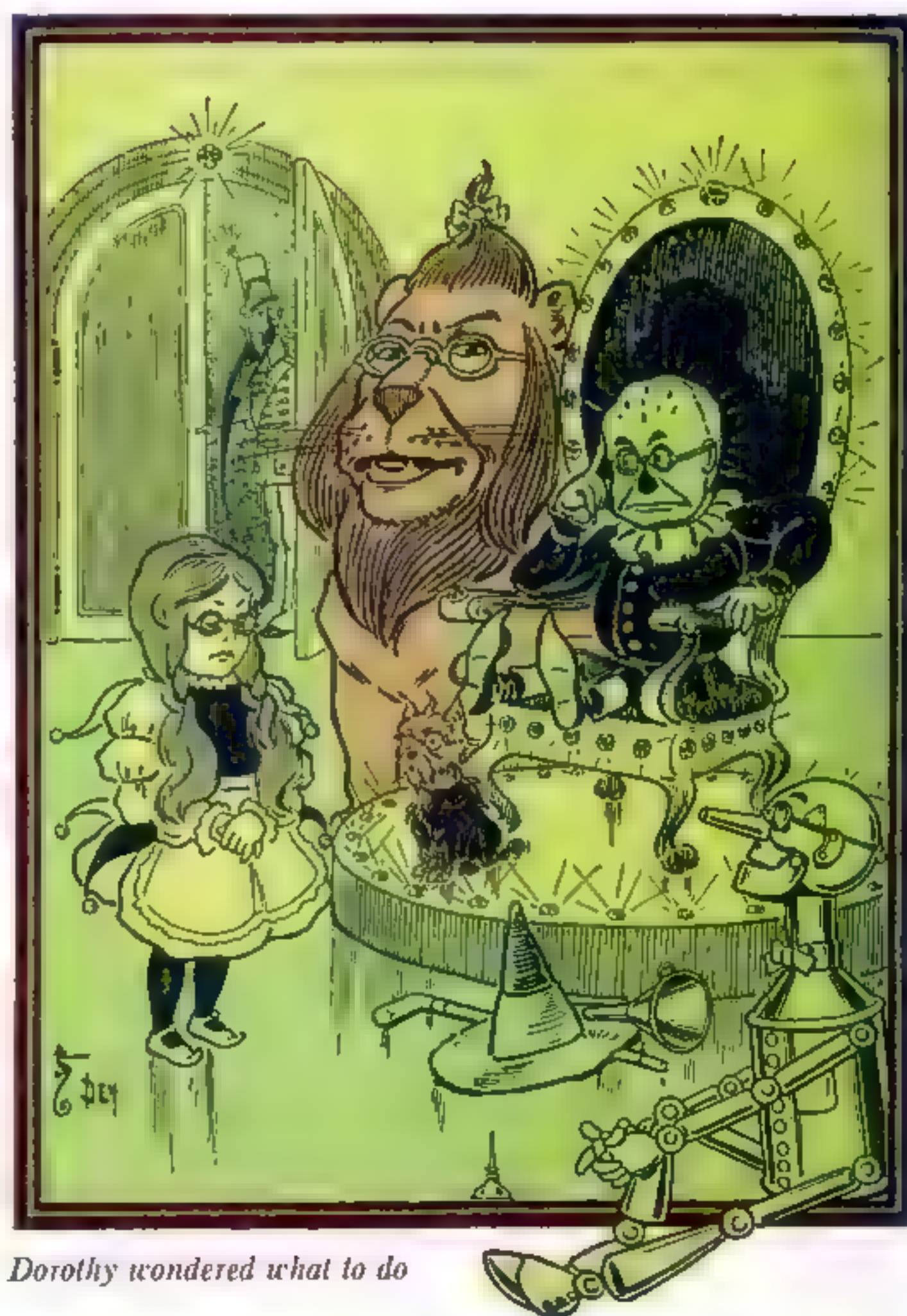
In the Throne Room this time they heard the dreadful voice of Oz, but he was nowhere to be seen. "I am invisible," he said solemnly.

All of a sudden Toto knocked over a screen and there stood a trembling little man. "I am Oz," he confessed. "I am a humbug." And then he explained that he was really just a ventriloquist from Omaha.

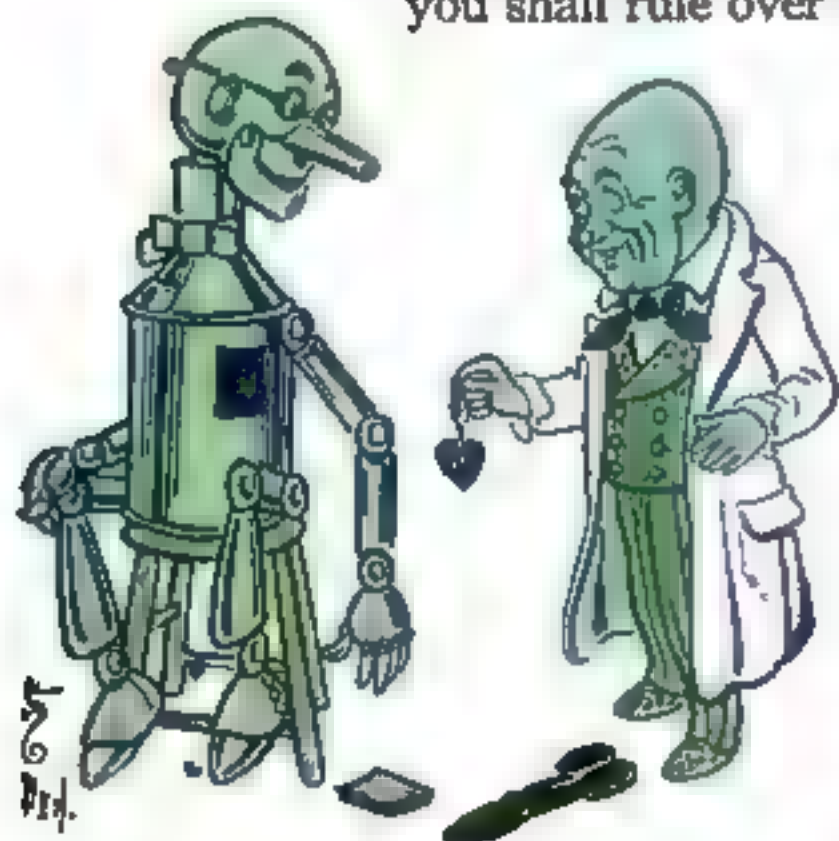
But he agreed to carry out his promises. He gave the Woodman a red silk heart and poured a drink which made the Lion full of courage. Into the Scarecrow's head, he poured some bran, saying, "I have given you bran-new brains, and you shall rule over Emerald City."

Oz explained that he was tired of being a humbug and would rather go back to Kansas with Dorothy and join a circus. She helped him make a balloon so they both could fly away. When they were ready to leave, Oz stepped in the balloon first, but it suddenly broke away, rising up into the sky before Dorothy had a chance to climb aboard.

Oz was gone forever, and so Dorothy rejoined



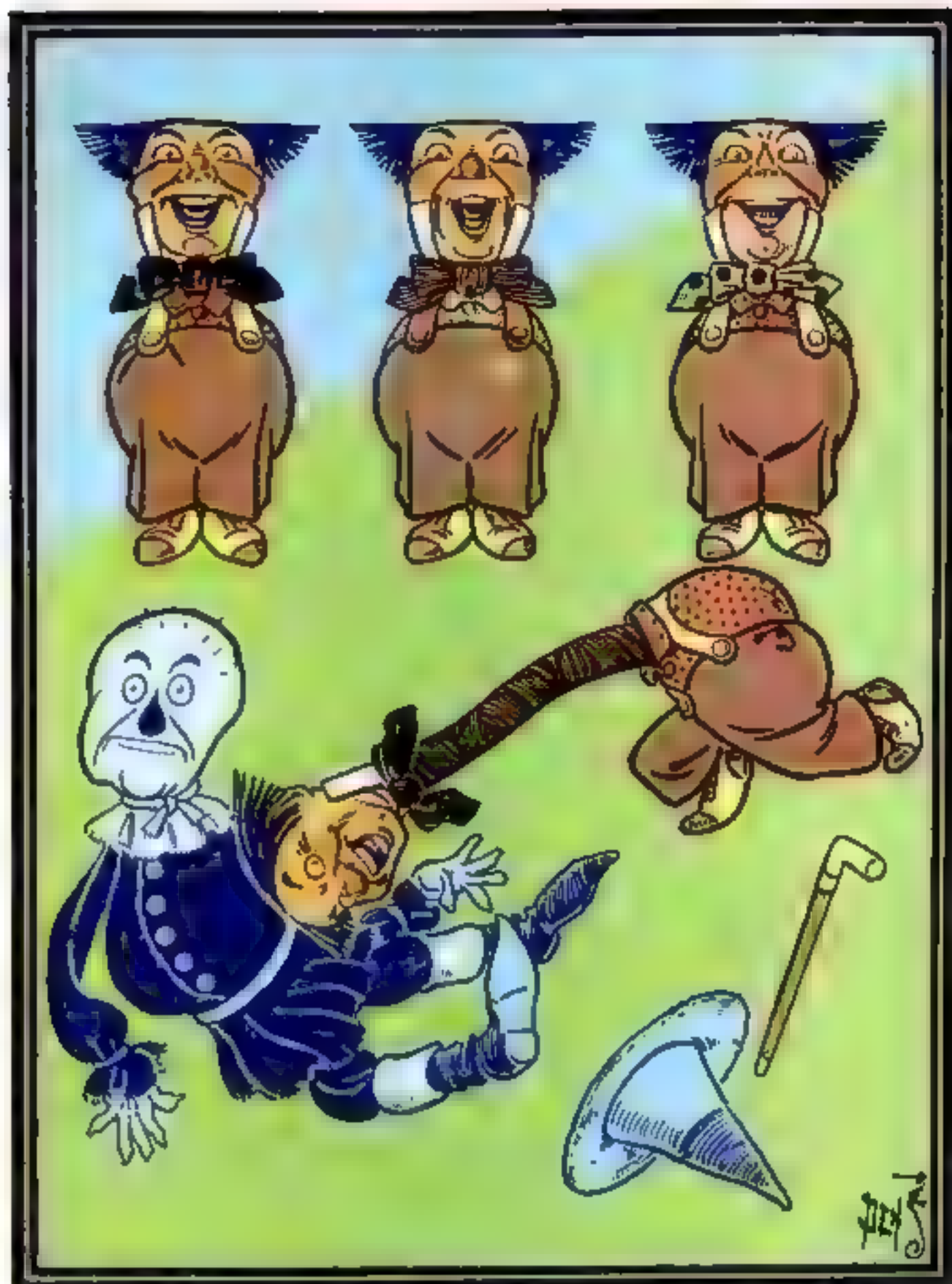
Dorothy wondered what to do



The Woodman got a heart



The people were all made of china



The Hammer-Heads sent them tumbling down



Glinda sat on a ruby throne

her friends in the Throne Room and wondered what to do. In came the green soldier with an idea. "Go to Glinda, the Good Witch of the South," he said. "She might help you return to Kansas."

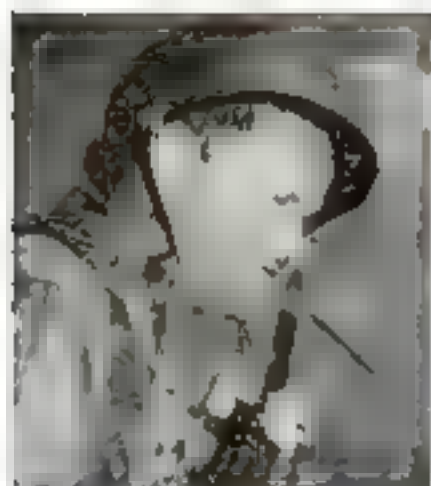
Off they went, headed for the Land of the South. On their way, they went through a strange-looking country with people all made of white china and decorated with bright colors. Next they ran into a queer band of Hammer-Heads who stretched their long necks and used their heads to send the travelers tumbling down.

But they finally reached the Castle and there the beautiful Glinda, who sat on a throne of rubies, told Dorothy that the Silver Shoes would carry her wherever she wished to go. Clapping the heels of her shoes together three times, the little girl then said, "Take me home to Aunt Em!"

Instantly Dorothy was whirling through the air, but soon she landed on the grass. When she looked up, she was home again, but the Silver Shoes were lost forever.



Back in Kansas



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USA



T/SGT. R. S. KENMORE
USMC



CAPT. LEWIS L. MILLETT
USA



CAPT. RAYMOND HARVEY
USA



Lt. STANLEY T. ADAMS
USA



Lt. HENRY A. COMMISKEY
USMC

In all, 104 men have won the Medal of Honor in Korea. The 12 men here stand as representatives of them—and of all the service men and women to whose devotion we in America owe our security this Christmas of 1953.

Peace...

their Christmas Wish for us!



THESE are some of the bravest men on earth.

Yet these young holders of the Medal of Honor were never fighters for the love of fighting. They are men of war with a dream of peace.

They want a world in which small wide eyes can gaze in rapture at a tinsel tree. Where a happy Christmas is a child's inalienable right—because fear and force have at last given way to peace and law and goodwill.

They have fought ably for peace, with courage "above and beyond the call of duty." Can we, at home, do something for it, too?

Yes. Beginning now, each of us who earns can put some part of his earnings into United States Defense Bonds. For by these Bonds we make our own families secure, first of all. Then, out of the security of our families, we build the strength of America—to *stay* at peace in a world where peace still is only for the strong.

★ ★ ★

You can invest in United States Defense Bonds *best* through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Won't you begin—today?

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CANDLELIGHT GLOWING ON SILVER AND DAMASK. LONGLEAT'S TABLE AWAITS CHRISTMAS DINNER. SCENE WAS RECREATED AT LONGLEAT FOR LIFE'S CAMERA

Gaiety in the Grand Manner

AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY SEAT CHRISTMAS MEANT PARTIES AND GHOSTS

by DAPHNE FIELDING, former Marchioness of Bath

The happenings recounted here have the long-ago quality of scenes by Thackeray. Yet they happened less than three generations ago during the annual Christmas celebration at Longleat, the splendid country home of the Marquess of Bath. The celebration is described by the former marchioness as the marquess's family told it to her. Now divorced from the marquess, she is married to Alexander Fielding, author and World War II hero.

IMAGINE yourself invited to stay for Christmas in a large country house seventy years ago, in the days of elegance and plenty, when country-house living could still be conducted in the grand manner. Imagine this invitation comes from the fourth Marquess of Bath, who asks you to visit him and his family at Longleat, the lovely grey stone house built by Sir John Thynne in 1567 and lived in by his descendants ever since.

You arrive at Frome Station on Christmas Eve, and from there drive four miles through the wintry Wiltshire countryside in a landau drawn by a pair of spanking bays, with a coachman and a footman on the box. Your luggage, in the charge of the maids and the valets, will be taken to the house in a wagonette.

On the steps of Longleat you are met by the dignified figure of the butler, who awaits the arrival of the visitors at the front door. Behind him stand two powdered footmen,

6 feet tall, in their buckled shoes. They are wearing the family livery: mustard-yellow coats fastened with crested buttons and trimmed with silver braid, and plush knee breeches.

You pass through into the big hall, where a log fire is blazing merrily. Here the gardeners are giving the final touches to the Christmas decorations: garlands of evergreen and bunches of holly and mistletoe. A huge Christmas tree stands at the foot of the staircase, twinkling and shimmering with tinsel and glass.

Your host and hostess are with their family in the Red Library, ready to greet their guests as they arrive. The silver teapot and kettle reflect the firelight, the tea tables are spread with white cloths and laden with the delicious cakes, biscuits and scones that have been confectioned in the stillroom.

Twenty visitors have been invited to stay at Longleat for a fortnight. The Christmas party is identical every year and consists of relations and family friends. The pattern is changed only by death or birth.

The nursery wing is crowded, for cousins and friends of the children of the house have already settled in, with all their paraphernalia. On Christmas Eve, the overexcited children are put to bed as early as possible. Some of them are bound to stay awake till midnight so as to watch Father Christmas through half-shut eyes as he fills their stockings at the foot of their bed . . . and



LONGLEAT TODAY is opened by the sixth marquess to tourists (35¢ a tour). Macaulay called it "the most magnificent country house in England."



A GHOST WALKS HERE, even on Christmas Eve. The legend says that Lord Weymouth fought and killed the lover of his wife Louisa here as she looked on.



"THE GREEN LADY," the ghost who walks Longleat's corridor (top of page), stood for this portrait which now hangs next to the fireplace in the dining room.

IN THE GRAND MANNER CONTINUED

then they might notice that he has the same aquiline cast of features and is about the same height as the Marquess.

Below stairs, the kitchen, glowing with the burnished copper of pots and pans, is a buzzing hive of activity. Monsieur Gaillard, the French chef, is in his most excitable mood. The kitchen has so much to do, so many extra mouths to feed: twenty visitors staying in the house—all these ladies' maids and valets—ten extra in the nursery—separate meals to be cooked for the dining room, nursery, steward's room and servants' hall . . . *ah, ces fêtes de Noël!*

Supervised by Mrs. Potts, the housekeeper, the stillroom has prepared the plum puddings months ago. Five-shilling pieces lie huddled inside them and they have all been laced with the best brandy. And as they stirred the mixture, the children made their wishes.

The servants' hall is gay with holly and mistletoe; everyone has had a hand in decorating it. A log fire roars in the chimney and large leather flagons of Longleat-brewed ale stand on the table. Any caller at the back door stays to have a glass or two of this brew and an extra one for a Merry Christmas.

Even after dinner the atmosphere of expectation persists; everyone is keyed up. It is midnight, but the house is still astir. And as you lie awake you start thinking about the Longleat ghosts. . . .

Do you hear the light tread of the Green Lady—the second Viscountess Weymouth? She is the most beautiful visitant to the house. That was her picture you saw in the dining room; that pink-and-white dress was the one she wore at the Spanish Ambassador's ball in London. Was it at this ball that she met the young stranger who was so in love with her that he disguised himself as a serving-man in order to be employed in the house? But his identity was discovered by Lord Weymouth, who challenged him to a duel, and the young lover was killed before Louisa Weymouth's eyes.

And now, veiled and dressed in green, she paces the corridor where the duel was fought. Here, in the Green Lady's Walk, ghostly shadows have been seen, the figures of two men in single combat. Their silhouettes flicker on the wall of the passage; the two bodies that throw these sinister shadows are not to be seen, but as they thrust and parry, the clash of steel on steel can be heard.

Is there any truth in this story of the beautiful Louisa and her reckless lover? You do not know. Nobody knows. But you remember that her husband suddenly left Longleat, giving no reason for his departure, and went to live in a small house in the village. Meanwhile, Louisa died. And many years after her husband's death, a body was found buried beneath the paving-stones of the cellar: the body of an unknown youth wearing the same sort of boots as were worn at the time that the second Viscount Weymouth lived at Longleat.

A less tragic ghost than the Green Lady is the benign spectral form of the good Bishop Ken, who spent his last twenty years at Longleat, where he peacefully died. It is easy to imagine his returning to read his Bible in the old library, the room that he loved so much, where he wrote many of his hymns and devout poems.

Or is your bedroom close to Monmouth's Stairs? Then the footsteps you hear may be those of the ill-fated Duke slowly ascending the spiral staircase as though he were mounting a scaffold. Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, was the close friend of Thomas Thynne, known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," because of his great wealth and broad acres. Monmouth was often the guest of Tom Thynne at Longleat. These two young men fatally encouraged each other in courses which led them to disaster. Both were to die violent deaths, Monmouth most terribly on the scaffold after his pitiful attempt to dethrone James II, the other at the hands of murderers.

Through Monmouth's influence Tom Thynne was promised a match with Lady Elizabeth Percy, a young red-haired girl of great beauty, the daughter of the eleventh Earl of Northumberland and one of the most sought-after heiresses in England. The match had been brutally thrust upon the girl by her despotic grandmother but although she married "Tom of Ten Thousand," the marriage was never consummated. She managed to escape to Holland where she fell in love with Count Charles John Königsmark. The story goes that he made thorough and cold-blooded plans to murder his rival and even came to England to see that his plot did not miscarry. Thomas Thynne was killed while driving in his coach down the Mall, and Count Königsmark thereupon disappeared from the scene.

You then begin to think of the story your host told at dinner of the discovery of some monks' bodies buried under the floor in the hall. They were dug up when the Christopher Wren staircase was recently replaced by a new one. You remember that in the 13th Century an Augustinian priory stood upon the site of Longleat.

Disraeli, then Lord Beaconsfield, once stayed at Longleat but was an unappreciative guest. In spite of the fact that the most lavish preparations were made to receive the august and aged invalid, including the building of a temporary lavatory in his bedroom, he does not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

Next Week: A Special Issue

NEXT week LIFE will devote an entire special issue to the searching and dramatic report on the single most powerful social and political force in the world: the amazing U.S. economy.

The first part of the issue will take a look at where the U.S. economy is right now at the end of the biggest 12 months it ever had. One story will examine dollar for dollar the condition of a group of American families, ranging in income from \$1,500 to more than \$30,000, for most of whom 1953 was—financially—the best year ever of their lives.

But, like all the rest of us, these families paid heavy taxes and the special issue will bring you the first comprehensive look at the biggest item those taxes bought. By special arrangement with the Department of Defense, the Air Force, Army, Navy and Marine Corp, LIFE's cameras show a staggering collection of new military weapons—supersonic planes, almost-human guided missiles, far-flung radar installations.

The most strikingly noticeable product of 1953 is the country's new industrial skyline. Ten pages of color photographs will show the sharp angles, the intricate patterns and the beauty of the factories, steel mills, roads and office buildings which add up not only to the country's greatest architectural achievement but to a record-breaking \$34.7 billion act of faith in America's future.

But some tasks were left undone. The most pressing of these was the job of equating our own economy with that of the rest of the world. While the U.S. rules a wave of unprecedented bounty,



Europe struggles to maintain its precarious and inadequate standard of living and Asia remains in poverty. In a comprehensive article LIFE's John Knox Jessup and Economist Michael A. Heilperin make a searching appraisal of this threat to the soundness of our economy. They also suggest a way to bring into better harmony the real economic interests of the U.S. and the rest of the world.

But—the question is already haunting business and political leaders—how long can America's own booming economy keep up the pace? LIFE's special issue devotes some 20 pages to answering this question, not in the ordinary terms of whether the stock market will go up or down or whether mortgage rates will be cheaper or more expensive but in terms of the fundamental things—the iron and steel, the human ingenuity, the youth—that truly determine the future of a nation's economy. Greatest of these things is the ability to control and use energy—mine coal and burn oil efficiently, harness the atom, trap the power of the sun. In 14 pages of exciting photographs and drawings LIFE will show how, despite wars and depressions, Americans seem to have a unique and ever widening ability to put the raw stuff of nature to the greater and greater use of man.

These and other stories in next week's special issue will give you cause for new pride in your own achievements and potentialities as part of the work-a-day U.S.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



THE GREAT HALL is what guests see first. With its 20-foot-tall mantel, it is largely unchanged since Queen Elizabeth I visited Longleat four centuries ago.



HIP BATH, water and towels, set out by valets and maids, warm before the open fire in each bedroom as the time approaches for guests to dress for dinner.

IN THE GRAND MANNER CONTINUED

seem to have enjoyed himself. He wrote a complaining letter, grumbling of the cold and the dust in the dried-up inkwell which he was trying to use. . . .

Sleep comes slowly and it is not until the small hours that Longleat has its Christmas brood safely cradled within its grey walls.

Early next morning—Christmas at last—the house is stirring again. The children, who have been awake since dawn, are furtively pinching the promising bulges in their stockings.

At eight o'clock you are called by a housemaid wearing a pretty chintz dress, white cap and apron. She draws the curtains to reveal the red sun rising on a frosty scene. On the bedside table she places the early morning tray, with its violet-patterned tea set.

Christmas, like every other day at Longleat, begins with prayers in the chapel, attended by the whole household before breakfast. Later in the morning there will be a longer service, at which the staff file in to their seats in order of domestic precedence, the maids wearing demure black bonnets with velvet ribbons tied under the chin.

At breakfast you find a pile of gaily wrapped parcels by your plate: presents from your host and hostess, the family and fellow guests. After breakfast, all the maids go to Lady Bath's sitting room, where she wishes them a Very Merry Christmas and presents each one with the usual gift of a length of dress material. The upper servants are visited by Lord and Lady Bath and are given their gifts and Christmas greetings personally.

Christmas luncheon is a really hearty affair. You take your place at the dining table and, with appetite sharpened by the first course, await the arrival of the fat turkeys which have been slowly roasted on a mechanically turned spit. They make an imposing entry with their retinue of sauces and vegetables served in silver dishes. The dining room is plunged into darkness before the plum pudding is carried in, blazing dramatically and decorated with holly, and in its wake come plump mince pies. The luncheon is not complete without the still-room specialty: morello cherries bottled in brandy.

After this heavy meal there is a time for walking, chatting, sleeping or simply digesting. A visit is made to the stables, and the carriage horses are given a Christmas lump of sugar.

Tea and "snapdragon"

AT five o'clock, tea is brought into the drawing room—tea and a festively decorated sugar cake, scones and crumpets and seasonal dainties made in the stillroom. Here the children make their pretty entrance, soaped and curled, frilled and starched, velvet suits and buckled shoes, embroidered dresses and trailing sashes. There are more presents waiting for them on the Christmas tree and when these have been cut down, they all troop into the big hall for "snapdragon."

All the lights are carried out and in the middle of the table is placed a great dish of "sultanas" (raisins), over which brandy is poured and set alight. The children vie with each other in snatching the fruit from the fire. Now a handful of salt is sprinkled over the yellow flames, turning them blue and green, so that they throw an eerie light on the watching faces. Gentle cousins become horrid witches; an amiable uncle is turned into a demon king; children are transformed into imps and hobgoblins; macabre faces swim and merge together; hands become claws. . . . A child cries, and a lamp is quickly brought into the room.

There is a lull before dinner. You go to your bedroom, where you find a japanned hip bath and steaming cans of water with towels warming cosily in front of the fire. The ladies will all wear their prettiest evening gowns for the Christmas dinner and the following night their maids will bring these dresses to be admired by all in the servants' hall, where by popular vote the most elegant will be chosen.

While you and your fellow guests are changing for dinner, the groom of the chambers and the head housemaid, with an under-housemaid to assist them, have torn themselves away from the jollifications of the servants' hall and are now tidying the sitting rooms. Ever since their midday meal of turkey, plum pudding and mince pies, there has been music and singing to the continuous flow of the Longleat ale. Parlour tricks have been produced, games with forfeits have been played and greeted with roars of laughter. There will be more fun in the servants' hall tonight.

Revived and changed into their evening finery, the guests emerge like splendid butterflies and moths and sail into the dining room for the gastronomic delight of a seven-course dinner. The table is laid with a pink Sevres dinner set, and in the middle stands an ornate silver centrepiece depicting the death of Sir Bevil Grenville, an ancestor who was killed by a poleaxe as he led his Royalist Cornish pikemen against the Roundheads at Lansdowne in 1643.

This evening the chef has excelled himself. One of the courses is a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!

MARTINI & ROSSI

Vermouth
"on the rocks"

Some like it sweet...

Some like it dry...

Some like it
Half and Half...

Find out why!

SO MODERN... this bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully light and downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

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Sweet for Matchless Manhattans

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The largest selling imported vermouth
in America

New... 1 Big Ovens 2 Pushbuttons

in G-E Ranges as low as \$239⁹⁵

(or about \$2.68 a week*)



1. NEW, WIDER, OVEN HOLDS MEAL FOR 24! ... or four cake layers on a single shelf. Easier to see and reach food. NEW! "Focused Heat" broiler uses up to 25% less power than older types ... gives food famous G-E "charcoal broil" flavor.

NEW! G-E EXCLUSIVE! Both bake and broil units are fully enclosed ... slide out to wash at sink. No open coils. Makes oven easy to clean.



SPECIAL Stratoliner Feature

Automatic Deep-Well Fryer. Extra-powered professional unit for "chef-type" results. Potatoes, chicken, fish, cook crisp outside, juicy inside because fat is automatically controlled at frying temperature you set on the dial.

NEW STRATOLINER — G. E.'s FINEST

Single Oven "Speed Cooking" Range. Oven has 3 different uses. First, big Master Oven holds meal for 24. Second, it converts to economical 1-shelf speed oven by simply shifting lower unit. And, third, you have your "Focused Heat" broiler. When not needed, automatic Deep-Fat Fryer lifts out, lets you use Deep-Well Thrift Cooker or 4th raisable surface unit. Besides G-E advantages shown above, this range has new, 2-speed Minute Timer—for precision timing of eggs, etc. Tel-A-Cook lights tell you from across the room which unit and which heat is on. 2 storage drawers, warming drawer, condiment set with heated "salt conditioner," 2 appliance outlets—one automatically timed. Weekly price about \$5.18.*

ALL THESE G-E RANGES

have all 3 "Speed-Cooking" advantages, formerly available only in de luxe models. Also

- 2 appliance outlets—one automatically timed.
- Self-cleaning Calrod® surface cooking units.
- Slide-out drip pans under surface units and in ovens.
- Enamel surfaces inside and out. So easy to clean!
- Fluorescent lamp over control panel.



2. PUSHBUTTON COOKING!

Nothing to turn or adjust. A row of fingertip-touch buttons for each unit. A button for each of 5, exact, measured heats—from Warm to Hi-Speed. Colored Tel-A-Cook lights on de luxe Stratoliner and Liberator.

3. EASY-TO-USE OVEN TIMER!

2 simple clock settings—one for cooking time, the other for when meal is to be served. Heat goes on, does cooking, goes off without attention. Oven Timer also times appliance outlet—to start morning coffee, or your radio.



4. EXTRA-HI-SPEED STARTS!

Now, all units newly designed for speedier-than-ever cooking starts. Right rear unit is G.E.'s Extra-Hi-Speed Calrod® unit.



**AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
SPEED COOKING**

WHY ELECTRIC COOKING IS BETTER!

So Clean. Helps keep your kitchen sparkling—helps keep utensils bright. No blackened pot bottoms.

So Economical. At national average rates a family of 4 can cook electrically for about \$2 a month.

So Easy to Own. You can buy a G-E Range for as little as \$199.95. See your G-E dealer for details. (He's in classified phone book.) General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.

3 Oven Timers • 4 Extra-Hi-Speed Units



24-inch Spacemaker—New, wider oven makes food easy to see and reach. Does a big-range cooking job, with 4 big features shown on opposite page. Surface units widely spaced to make room for big pans. Compact 24-inch width gives you extra space for cabinets, appliances, etc. Weekly price about \$2.68.* Full price (Model J-245) **\$239⁹⁵**



New Airliner—Will replace "standard" (36-inch) gas stove without remodeling. Has new, big oven, pushbuttons, Extra-Hi-Speed unit, built-in Oven Timer. SPECIAL with this model: G. E.'s new pan-and-lid "file"—divided so lids and flat pans can be stored upright. 2 additional storage drawers. Weekly price about \$3.02.* Full price (Model J-363) **\$269⁹⁵**



De Luxe Speedster. Like the Stratoliner, has Deep-Well Cooker—for soups, stews, quantity cooking. One finger raises extra surface unit when cooker is not in use. Speedster has Minute Timer, 3 storage drawers, 4 big features listed on opposite page . . . and other G-E advantages. Weekly price about \$3.69.* Full price **\$329⁹⁵**



Two-Oven Mainliner. Every convenience of double-oven cooking at a single-oven price. Bake in 2-shelf Companion Oven while you bake or broil in Master Oven. Both ovens have "Focused Heat" broiler. Either or both can be automatically timed. Also Minute Timer, 2 storage drawers. Weekly price about \$4.19.* Full price **\$379⁹⁵**



De Luxe Two-Oven Liberator. All the advantages of the Stratoliner, plus two-oven cooking. Big Master Oven. New complete 2-shelf Companion Oven instead of Deep-Well Fryer. Each oven has separate Automatic Timer and "Focused Heat" broiler. New! 2-speed Minute Timer for precision timing of eggs, etc. Weekly price about \$5.36.* Full price **\$499⁹⁵**

*After small down payment. See your G-E dealer for details. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

So fast . . . so clean . . . so dependable

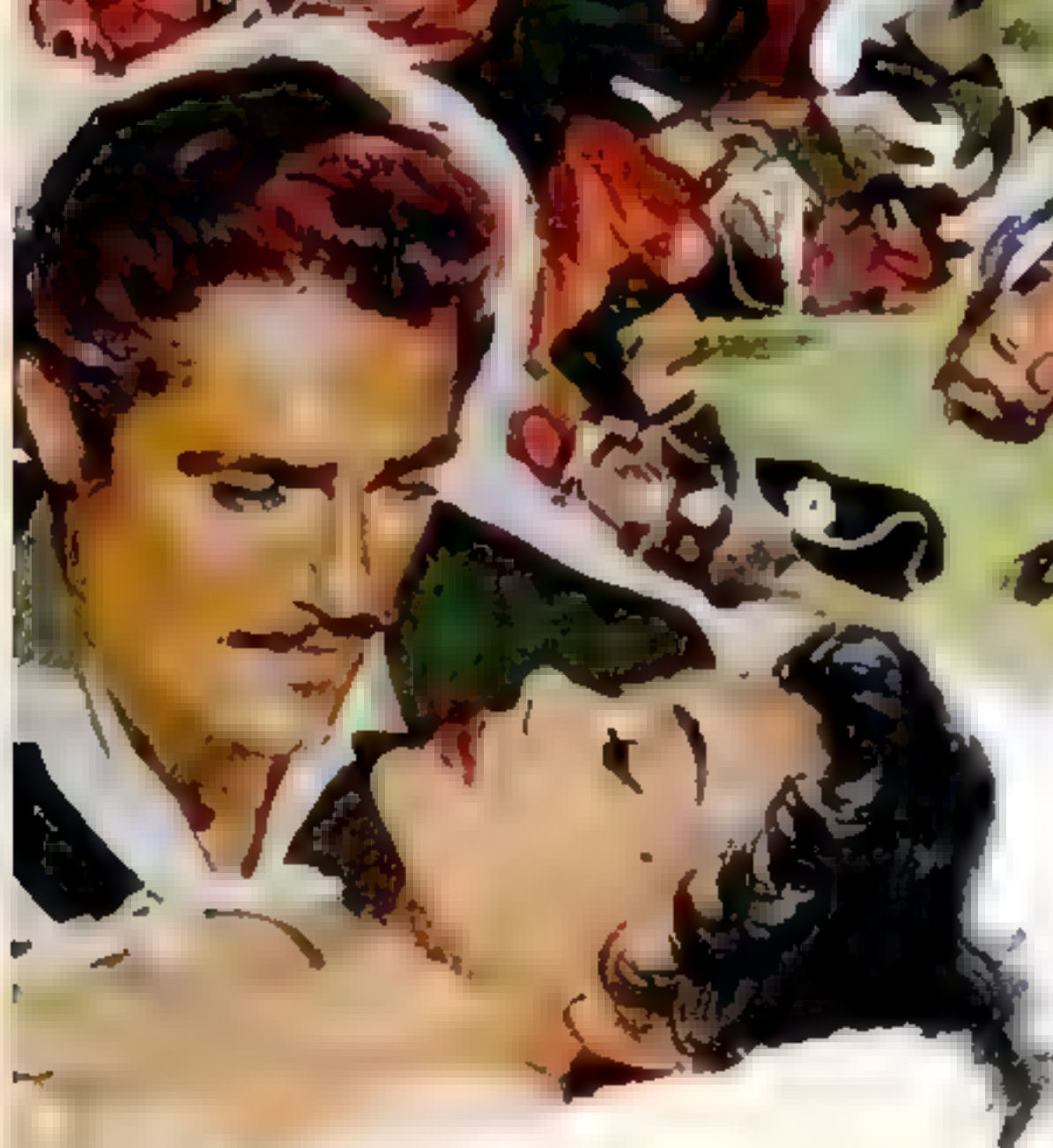
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Every minute flames with furious action!

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Rob Roy

THE HIGHLAND ROGUE



Rob Roy struck back at tyranny to save his name, his honor and his people—an avenging fury whose true story became a deathless legend.

Turn from his bride on their wedding night, Rob Roy risks the vengeance of his captor—to return to her arms.

REBEL, LOVER, OUTLAW—that was Rob Roy, chief of the fighting MacGregor clan. Fearless Highland warrior, he outfought armies. His true exploits dwarfed the deeds of fiction, kindled the flame of freedom in oppressed men. The story that stirred imaginations for two centuries now becomes a spectacle of rugged grandeur—supreme entertainment!

Starring
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Produced by Perce Pearce
Directed by Harold French
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin.
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures.

An All Live-Action Picture
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THE SERVANTS' HALL is ready to receive the townspeople who will be served Longleat-brewed ale and eat bread and cheese around the hospitable fire.

IN THE GRAND MANNER CONTINUED

suckling pig, cooked whole on the spit. You find that Longleat keeps a very good cellar. Dinner starts with a curious amber-coloured Château-Yquem, which is served, oddly enough, with the fish. It warms the cockles of your heart with a rich, golden flame. Champagne follows and flows like the conversation. The familiar jokes are greeted with affectionate laughter; the old become young and the young pretend to be old. To accompany the sweet course there is white wine from the Isle of Samos, a great favourite with the ladies. Dinner is rounded off with port that was laid down the year Lord Bath came of age and with the justly renowned brandy that has mellowed so gently in the Longleat cellar.

Meanwhile the upper servants are dining in great style in the steward's room. The ladies' maids and valets take the rank corresponding to their masters and mistresses and are called by their names. If, for instance, a duke is staying in the house, his valet will have the honour of sitting on the right of the housekeeper, while the maid of a duchess will be placed next to the hierarchical head, the house steward. Tonight they are all in evening dress, and if any visiting servant has committed the *faux pas* of failing to bring evening clothes, he will have to dine in the servants' hall.

After dinner, villagers from Horningsham, which lies at the gates of Longleat, come to sing carols to the accompaniment of hand bells. With them is a troupe of mummers, clowning their way through a traditional local Christmas play which dates back to Elizabethan times.

On the stroke of midnight, the maids all rush out into the courtyard, which is lit by oil lamps hung on the walls. A band has come to play there and, though the snow is falling, the maids jig around on the rough paving stones, hatless and coatless, the snowflakes feathering their hair, melting on their apple-cheeks. The footmen, in their yellow liveries, soon join them in the dance, and some of the younger members of the gentry, who are watching from the windows above, go down and take their place among the dancers.

Now the performance is over and the mummers and the carol singers go to the servants' hall, where they sit round the fire with their mugs of beer, which are constantly being refilled. When they have drunk their fill, they go off singing through the snow. You can see their lanterns bobbing and wavering up the long drive as they wend an unsteady way home.

The sands of this happy Christmas day are running out. A contented drowsiness is settling on the well-fed, well-wined company, and you begin to long for the feathered softness of your four-poster bed and the faint lavender scent of the linen sheets.

The ladies bid their goodnights; each one collects her candlestand from a table in the hall. They light their candles and make an enchanting group as they go chattering up the broad staircase, their long-trained dresses trailing behind them. Upstairs they dawdle for a while, gossiping in each other's bedrooms. Meanwhile the men have gone to the Green Library for a final cigar.

The snow is still falling outside your bedroom window, so that you appreciate all the more the warm comfort of the firelit indoors. Tonight sleep comes quickly. . . .

All is now quiet. The only sound to be heard is the muffled tramp of the night watchman as he makes the rounds of the slumbering house.



THE CELEBRATION ENDS in the two scenes shown here. Longleat's courtyard (*above*) becomes a dance floor when, at midnight Christmas Day, the servants rush out to dance to the music of a traveling band. When the festivities finally end, the watchman (*below*) makes his rounds to determine that all is well.



Advertisement



Engineers mount cameras and X-wing on supersonic rocket to test wing design.

On California desert, rocket begins flight reaching 3 times speed of sound.

Desert craters fade away as camera records speed effect on the wing.

Here, another wing design flaps violently from the same high-speed pressure.

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FIRST IN THE NATION'S ALL-WEATHER DEFENSE Lockheed F-94 Starfires are fast jet interceptors loaded with electronics for almost automatic flight. Starfires protect vital U.S. cities, even in darkness or bad weather. For 8 years, Lockheed has produced more jets than any other manufacturer.





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SCIENCE CENTER — Future forms of flight are studied here in Lockheed's new Engineering and Science Building in Burbank.



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Future Flight

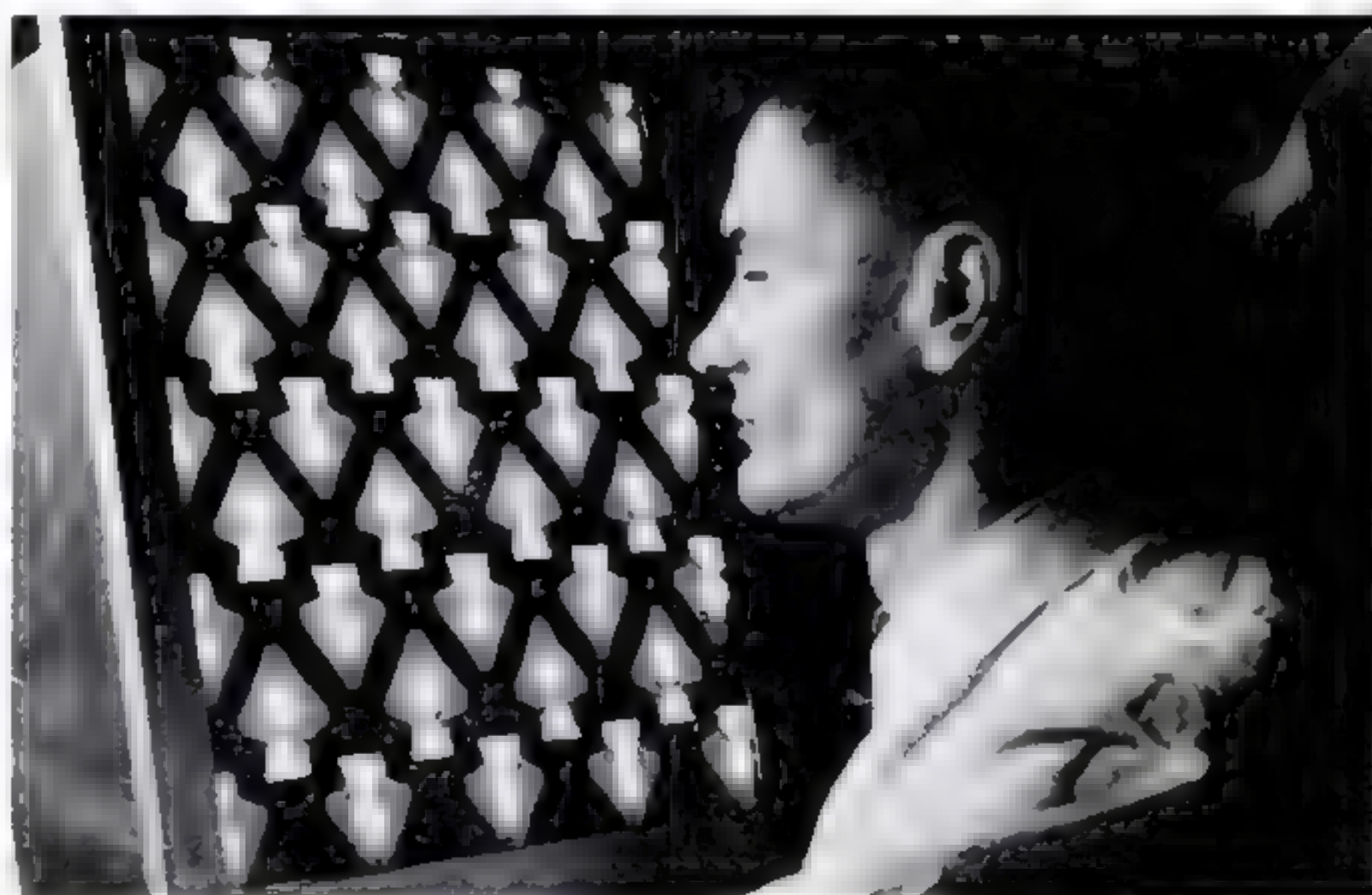
The Era of Automatic Flight

The above film strips take you behind the scenes to show Lockheed scientists testing new flying designs for future aircraft many times faster than today's planes. This is an example of advanced research at Lockheed's expanding Science Center. Scientist-engineers work with nuclear energy, pilotless aircraft, electronics systems, new metals for the era of automatic flight, and swift new commercial planes more comfortable than your living room.

Lockheed discoveries in pure science are matched by Lockheed progress in applied science. Lockheed's science of design has produced a radar-laden team of protecting military aircraft—flying radar stations, almost automatic interceptors and anti-submarine patrol bombers. Skill in the science of production enables Lockheed to produce 12 different models simultaneously—and all models are on schedule today.

TOMORROW'S METALS. Planes 10 to 25 years from now, currently under study by Lockheed, will require new materials to withstand speeds many times faster than sound. Here, Lockheed scientist checks X-ray film of new metal.

COMING SOON—Look for other dramatic new Lockheed models soon, including XF-104 Day Superiority Fighter.

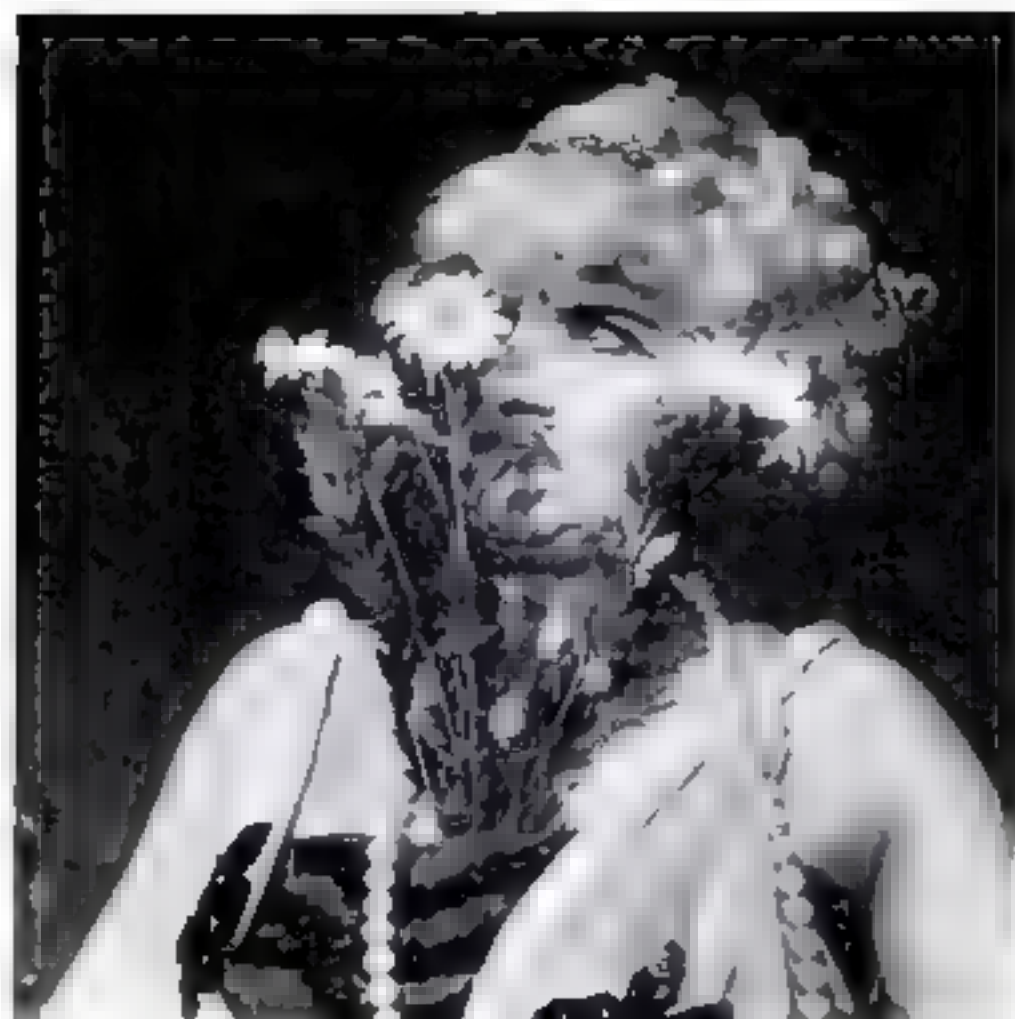


Lockheed

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California, and Marietta, Georgia

LOOK TO LOCKHEED FOR LEADERSHIP





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FUNNY AND FESTIVE

'Almanac' brightens Broadway and brings in Hermione Gingold

As a holiday gift to Broadway, a new musical revue called *John Murray Anderson's Almanac* is like a Christmas tree bedecked with all kinds of trimmings. Its most glittery bauble is the English comedienne, Hermione Gingold, a pleasantly blowzy woman with the face of a wicked old Roman senator. Whether she is clowning around the stage as a seductive French actress of the 1890s (*above*) or being a bow-legged cello player, Miss Gingold is both astringent and uproarious.

But in *Almanac* all that glitters is not Gingold. Other bright ornaments include two comedians, Billy DeWolfe and Orson Bean, an excellent Negro folk singer named Harry Belafonte, a highly decorative garland of girls and a half dozen skits written with originality and sometimes wit. Most of the music, on the other hand, is dull and obvious, and there is a solemnly corny ballet based on Oscar Wilde's tale *The Nightingale and the Rose* that ought to be shoed off the stage. But all in all Anderson's *Almanac* is reasonably festive, and when it is being funny it is fine.



AS WICKED ACTRESS Gingold lures admirer (Billy DeWolfe) into sipping champagne from shoe.



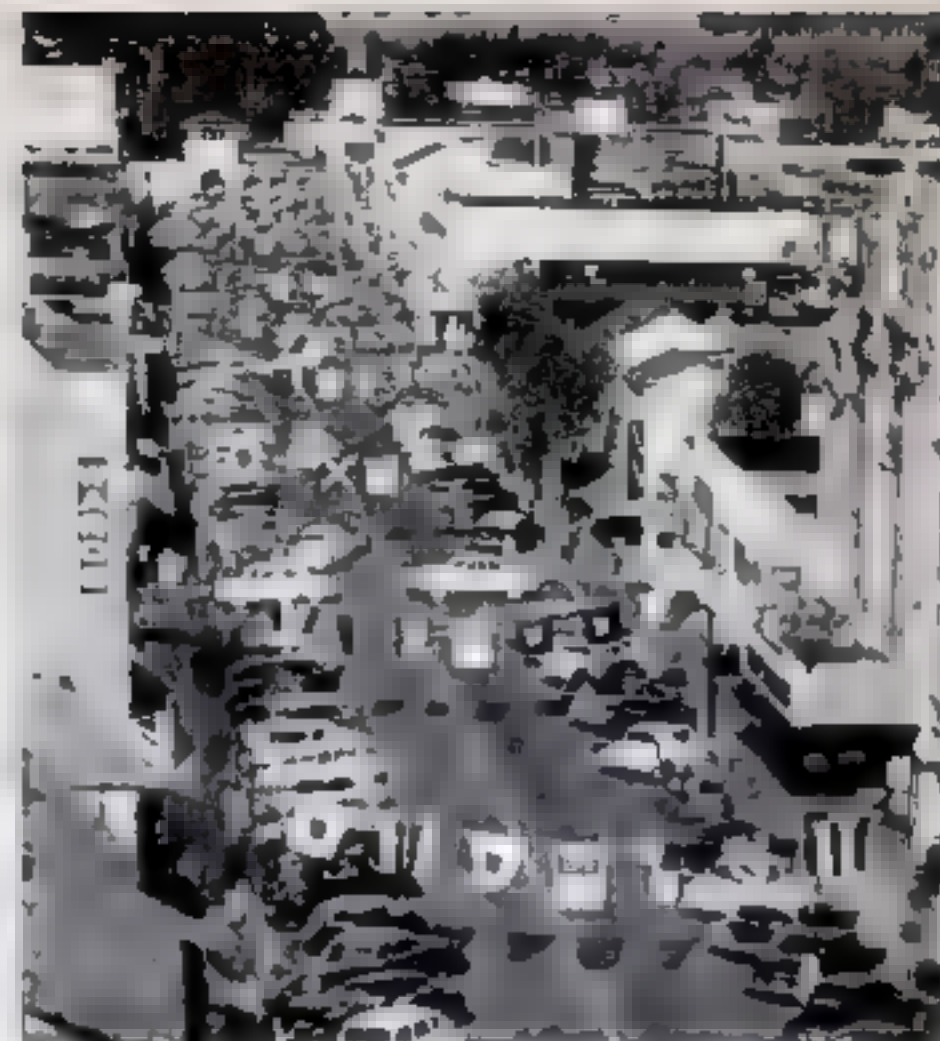
AS CELLO-PLAYER Gingold bewails her lifelong devotion to instrument which makes her bowlegged.



A PAPER TREE is made by Orson Bean, explaining how such tricks livened old Babylonian orgies.



1 Before the event, Burlingame Avenue, which runs through the town's shopping center, had a "Sunday morning" quiet, with little traffic.



2 The same evening Burlingame Avenue was alive with cars and excitement. Gala flags and bright windows lit up street for kick-off parade.

Burlingame really comes to life...

IN THE modern stores of Burlingame, California, well-to-do suburb of San Francisco, you can buy about any nationally advertised product.

But many of the town's nearly 20,000 citizens didn't realize it. They were traveling miles to buy things available only a few blocks away from home. In hopes of keeping more business in Burlingame, the town's civic and business leaders came to LIFE.

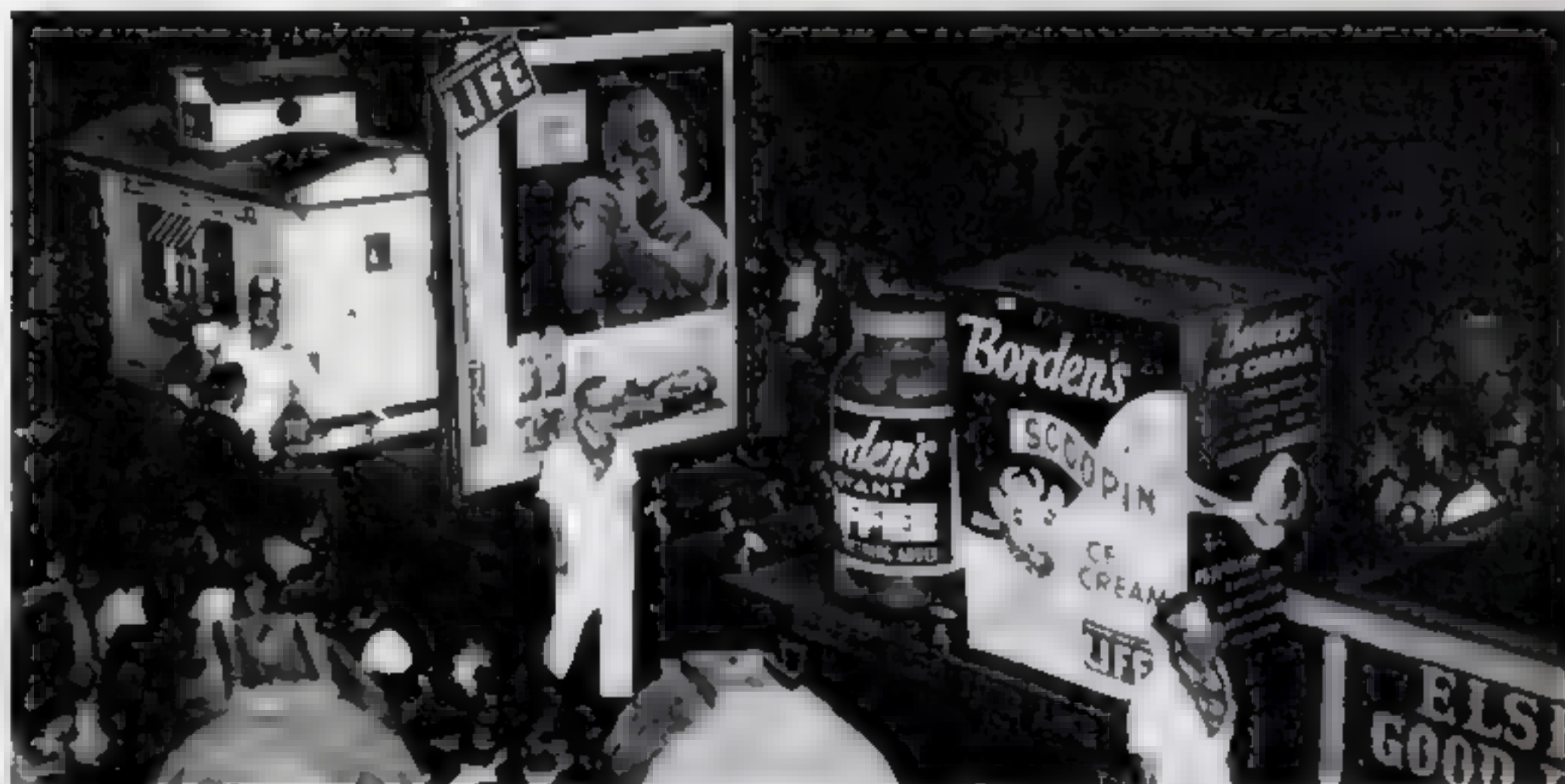
With the cooperation of some 60 merchants and more than 40 national advertisers and their local agents, LIFE and the *Burlingame Advance-Star* co-sponsored a ten-day event, called "LIFE comes to Burlingame." According to the *Advance-Star's* publisher, George McQueen, the event "created a feeling of pride on the part of every citizen that developed into an enthusiasm and community spirit which have never before been equalled."

Not only in Burlingame's store windows, but in its classrooms, churches and service clubs, the impact of the event made Burlingame's citizens aware of their city's importance in the life of America.

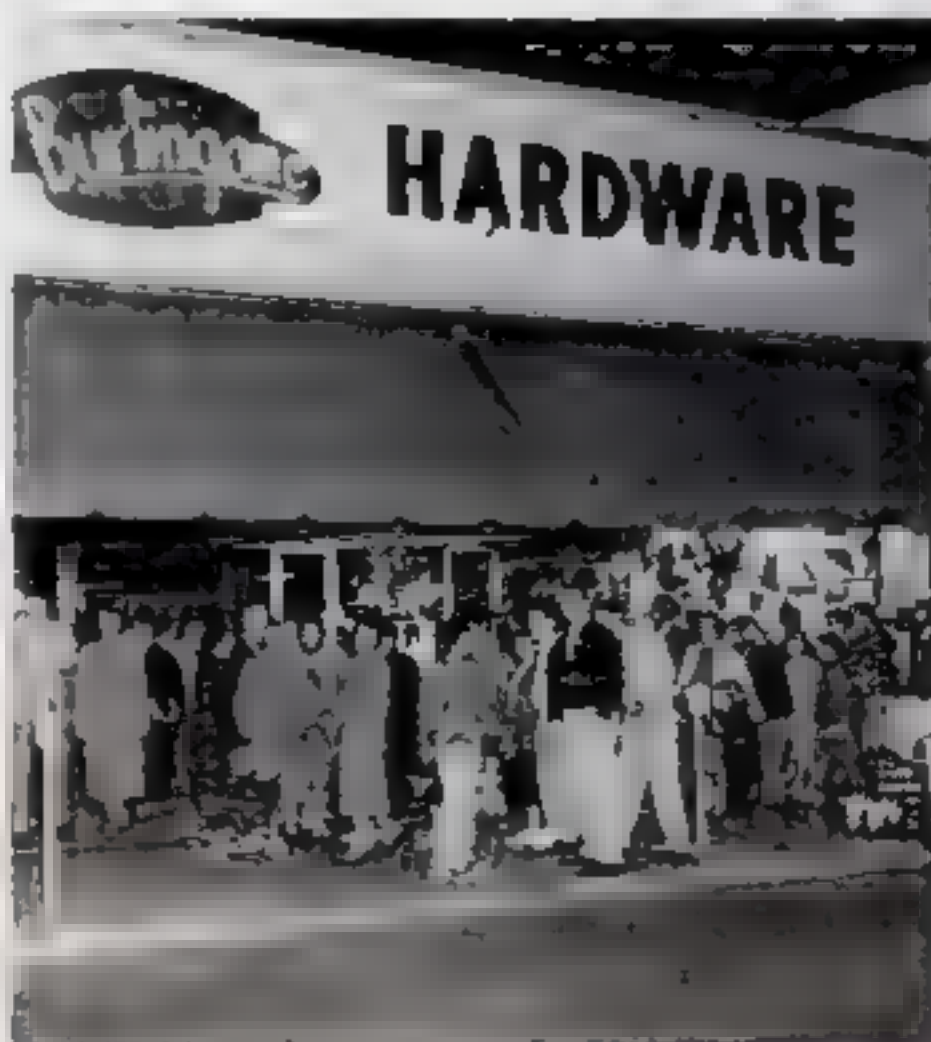
For just as LIFE's picture-and-word reporting has brought the world into Burlingame's living rooms for nearly two decades, so also have the products and services advertised in LIFE helped enrich the lives of the community.

With a weekly readership of 26,450,000 men, women and children, LIFE has the same impact on every city, town and village in America.

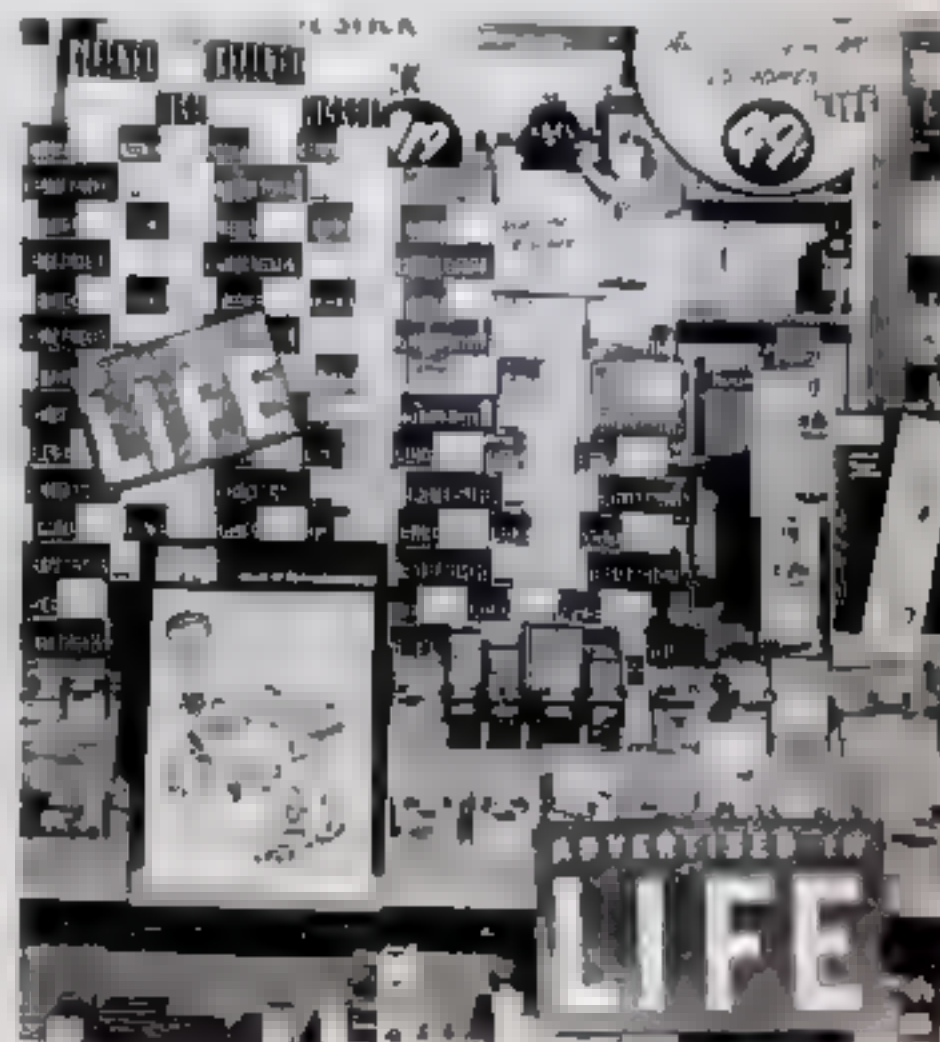
LIFE



6 Among floats that took part in the parade was "Elsie's Good Food Line" of The Borden Company. Like others, it showed products advertised in LIFE and on sale in stores. Some 15,000 people turned out to watch. "We have had parades, but never crowds like this in 35 years," said Police Chief R. C. Theur.



10 After parade hundreds of shoppers streamed into local stores, such as Burlingame Hardware, which featured LIFE-advertised goods.



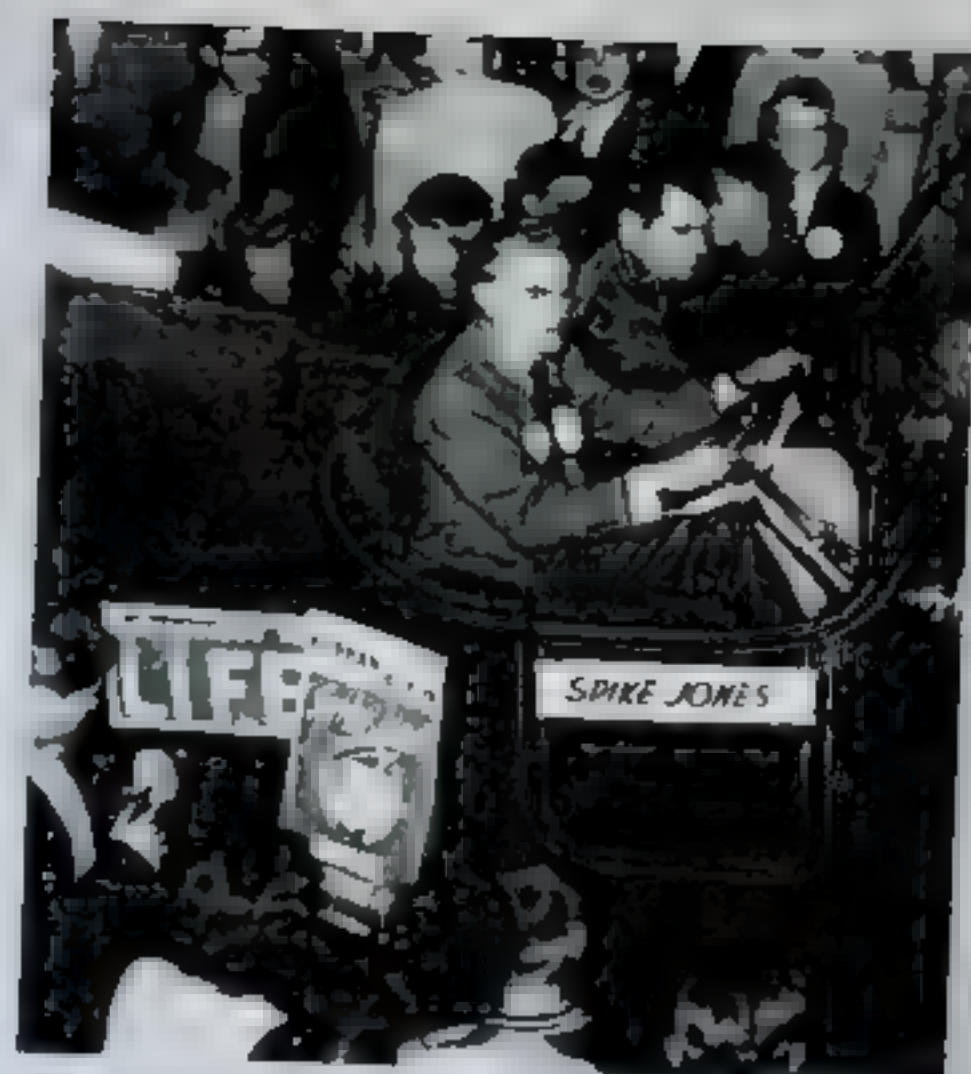
11 Miller Drug Co. showed a 44.5% increase in sales during the ten-day event, according to the co-owner of the store, Mr. John F. Mayer.



3 National Brands Committee of Chamber of Commerce meets to put finishing touches on plans for "Life comes to Burlingame."



4 Peninsula Art Association prepared a special display of fine art that related pictures to many editorial and advertising pages of LIFE.



5 Honorary Marshal of parade, zany band leader Spike Jones, piloted 1914 Cadillac, later played trumpet incognito with high school band.

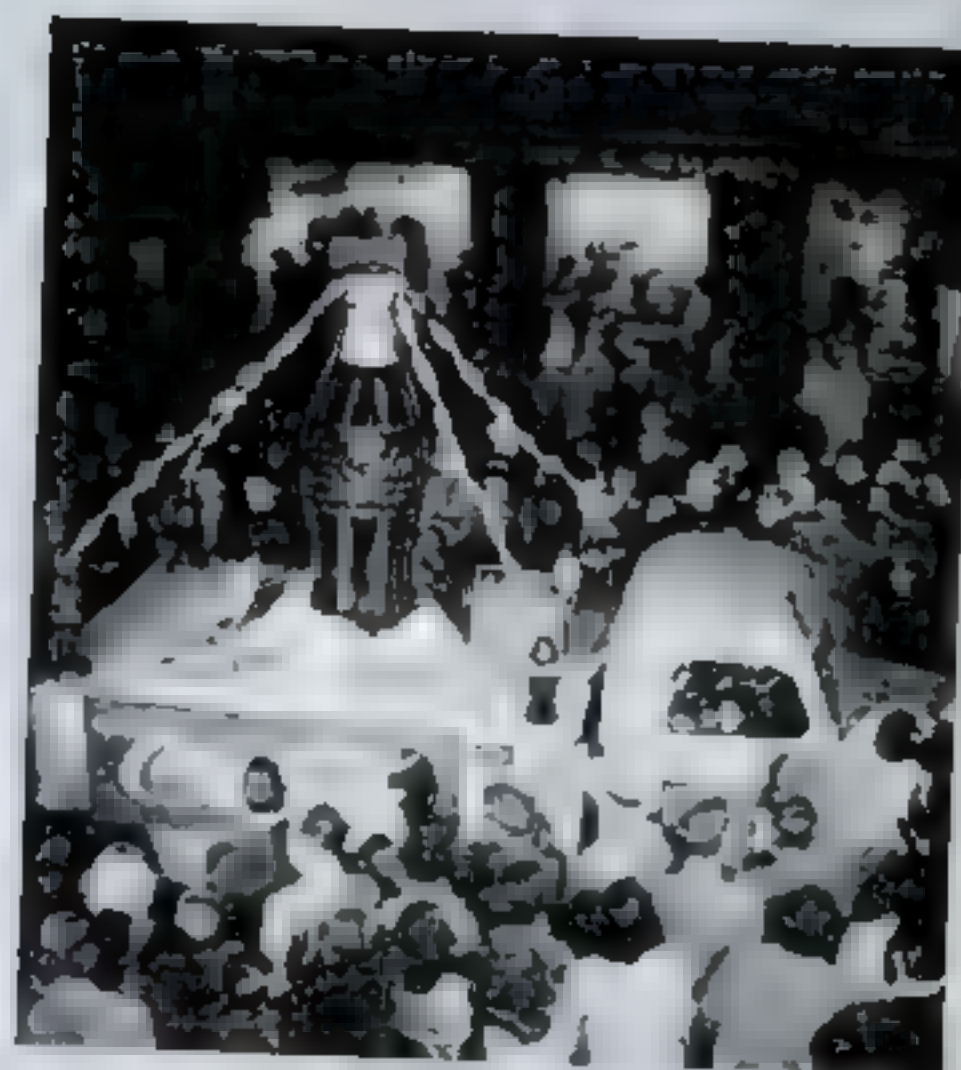
as "LIFE comes to Burlingame"



7 Internationally famed drill team, Half Moon Bay Spanishtown Dons, performed their intricate maneuvers, drew tremendous applause.



8 Miss San Mateo County, Venita Boetger, rode in one of many "Advertised-in-LIFE" automobiles, which carried out promotion's theme.



9 Spectacular sight in the parade was the Coca-Cola float which had a giant six-foot-tall "Coke" bottle in hundreds of pounds of glistening ice.



10 Famous brands, 210 in all, were sold as "LIFE advertised." Customers' enthusiasm was so great that most stores stayed open till after 9.



13 King's Market had 20% overall sales increase, featuring famous LIFE-advertised brands such as Minute Rice, Swift's, Ralston's, Libby's.



14 Committee relaxes later. Said ex-retailer E. R. McDonald, County Supervisor: "Most stimulating promotion in selling history."



BIG SOCIAL DOINGS



PROTOCOL DINNER given by Belgian ambassador, Baron Silvercray, brings select group to the

embassy. Flanking hostess (left) are French Ambassador Bonnet (back to camera) and Justice Tom Clark

THE CAPITAL RESUMES

For the glory-congregation of public figures, foreign emissaries and private citizens who make up Washington society, this is the biggest and most dazzling season since before the war. The White House, for the first time in years, has embarked on a full schedule of dinners and receptions. Night after night Embassy Row along Massachusetts Avenue glows with light as 78 foreign ambassadors and ministers, more than the capital has ever had before, give an evening round of cocktail parties, formal dinners, evening receptions. So great is the rush that the city's big catering houses are already booked solid for the entire season—some for as many as 200 parties a month.

For some Washington hosts, such as foreign diplomatic representatives who have to meet many important people, giving parties is as much a part of the job as delivering diplomatic notes.



AT MILITARY RECEPTION for Admiral Radford, head of Joint Chiefs of Staff, top service and defense department men pack Ft. McNair officer's club.

IN WASHINGTON

ITS OLDTIME GLITTER

For some Washington guests a dutiful appearance at as many as six parties a day is indispensable. But for many—the famed hostesses who subtly dominate Washington society—the winter whirl is simply part of a customary and enjoyed social pattern. The parties shown on these pages, most of them seldom seen by the public, have been photographed for LIFE by Mark Kauffman.

Inevitably in Washington the same sought-after personages appear night after night. But most of them are pleasantly used to each other and nobody complains too much about the social merry-go-round. Nobody, that is, except the waiters who find themselves serving the same elegant viands to the same elegant assemblages. Though they are making more money than ever before, some are beginning to complain their feet hurt—and the season not half over.



WEDNESDAY NIGHT CONCERT by National Symphony, a cultural endeavor most Washingtonians

support, brings Pat Priest, daughter of U.S. Treasurer Ivy Baker Priest, to Constitution Hall with her escort.





ARTS PARTY is given by Mrs. Anne Archbold (*center*) for members of National Society of Arts and Letters in the Archbold home on Reservoir Road. She shot the giraffe on safari in Africa years ago.

STAG DINNER for the Society of the Cincinnati—limited to the male descendants of Revolutionary War officers—is held each year in ornate dining room of society's Anderson House headquarters.



LITERARY TEA for American Shakespeare Festival Theatre is given at Tregaron, home of Mrs. Joseph Davies, wife of former U.S. ambassador to Russia. Mrs. Davies is widely considered to be Washington's leading hostess. Pouring tea is Mrs. James Houghteling, the former Laura Delano, a Roosevelt cousin.

PRELIMINARY COCKTAIL in the drawing room of the Peruvian embassy opens a formal dinner given by Ambassador Fernando Berckemeyer (*second from right*), who like most of the Latin American diplomatic representatives in Washington entertains bountifully. Portrait on the wall at left is a Velásquez.



THE YOUNGER SET jams Mayflower hotel ballroom for Junior League ball, which offered prizes for most original headgear. Young people's get-togethers

are less concerned with important people, but this party included the Dominican ambassador, the Postmaster General and Deputy Defense Secretary Roger Kyes.

VIEWS

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...from Hotel El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona



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